

Kensington
OR, THE
PRETENDERS
A
COMEDY

As it is Acted

By His Majesty's Servants

By Mr. LEIGH.

*Error, like Snow, upon the Surface lies,
Those who would seek for Gems, must dig for Lies.*

THE SECOND EDITION

Printed for R. DODD, at the Theatre Royal, in
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Black-Drill in Cornhill. 1720.

Where may be had, The TRADES MANS
HENRY IV. of France. Price 2s.

Kensington Gardens;

OR, THE

PRETENDERS.

COMEDY.

As it is Acted

By His Majesty's Servants.

By Mr. Lewis

There is a great deal of
that is worth seeing, and the
the

The Second Edition



LONDON

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Where may be had, THE TRAGEDY of King
Henry IV. of France. Part 1. 1720.



TO THE

Right Honourable

The Lord BROOKE.

MY LORD.

THIS COMEDY humbly offers itself to your Lordship's Acceptance, hoping under the Protection of your Patronage, to be as secure from the malevolent Blasts of Criticism, as it was proud of being first nourished by the Influence of your Approbation.

Young Ambassadors, like tender Oaks,
 that grow up to the Sun, and to the Sky,
 are nurtur'd by the gentle Rain, and Wind,
 that comes from Heaven, and from the Earth;
 and from the generous Blood of the Earth
 Generosity, (peculiar to your Honourable Family) you delight in doing Good.

THE END

The Encouragement your Lordship gave me, upon the Perusal of the following Scenes, was the chief Inducement for my bringing them upon the Stage; and the noble Example you have shewn, in being the first Subscriber towards the Support of our Theatre, obliges me in Gratitude to lay them at your Feet, together with a Heart entirely devoted to your Lordship's Service.

Should I presume to mention the Success of the Play, it would look like Vanity; notwithstanding the Town were pleas'd to receive it, even from us, with Marks of uncommon Favour. I shall therefore, my Lord, no longer intrude

made upon you
my Patron. What may we not dare to
hope from an Example so truly Illu-
rious, Great and Noble! I am

Spoken by Mr. R. Y. A. N.

MY LORD,

With the Profoundest Respect

Your Lordship

Most Obligated, and

Most Devoted

Humble Servant

JOHN LEWIS



PROLOGUE;

Spoken by Mr. RYAN.

LIKE a raw Soldier ready to engage,
 And face his Enemy with Martial-Rage,
 Just so—a youthful Author mounts the Stage;
 The same Anxiety his Soul alarms,
 And but for Honour, he would quit his Arms:
 Yet when reflecting that so many more
 Have trod the slippery dangerous Path before,
 Courage and Emulation, Fear explode,
 And tho some Fall, his Lot he hopes is good.

Satire, the Writers of the present Age,
 Have long since banish'd from the British Stage;
 Interest and Fear, each potently prevails,
 And Wit e'er current's weigh'd in Party-Scales.
 Shunning the Paths their great Forefathers trod,
 Base Flattery now, they make their proper God.
 Not so of Old, in the most vicious Times
 Satirick Numbers lash'd the modish Crimes;
 From the proud Monarch on his lofty Throne,
 By just Degrees ev'n to the Peasant down:
 Like Death is level'd, and regarded none.

*Our Author would these Antient Schemes advance,
Nor seek Applause by Flattery to enhance;
By no Time-Serving-Arts a Fame to raise,
Nor from vile Party-Jests extort a Praise?
He scorns that vulgar Road, and thinks it fit;
You term all such Deserters from true Wit.*

*If there are Faults which cannot be endur'd,
Tho Satire wounds, yet it has often cur'd;
Since with the humblest Zeal to please he tries,
Look on his First Attempt with tender Eyes;
As you encourage, he'll the Track pursue,
Encouragement you know—can all things do:
And tho you do not by Experience find,
Those have writ Best, to whom you've been most Kind,
Grant our Petition now, we ask no more,
You can but be deceiv'd, as heretofore.*



PROLOGUE

Dramatic Persons

Lord George Belgrave. Mr. Arden.
Colonel Lovell. Mr. Pitt.
Sir Vanity Hall-wit. Mr. Pack.
Sir Robert Noddy. Mr. Bullock.
Grogan. Mr. Spiller.
Captain Hachis. Mr. G. Bullock.
Bardach.

WOMEN.

Lucinda.	—	Mrs. Bullock.
Lady Jane.	—	Miss Sam.
Melissa.	—	Mrs. Spiller.
Spleen.	—	Mrs. Giffard.
Vapours.	—	Mrs. Roberson.
Betty.	—	Mrs. Gulick.

Smart, Dapper, Drawer, &c.

SCENE, Kensington.

TIME, from Ten in the Morning till Ten at Night.

Kensington-Gardens;

OR,

The PRETENDERS.

A C T I.

SCENE, Lord George's Lodgings.

Lord George and Lovely meeting.

Lovely.



HEAR Lord George!

LdG. Dear *Lovely*! Welcome to *Kensington*. I've expected you these three Days, and every moment wish'd for the Satisfaction I now enjoy.

Lovely. My Lord, you honour me: Nothing but an earnest Pursuit of Business cou'd have prevented my waiting on you sooner. Courtiers, you know, don't so easily dismiss their Followers.

LdG. But tell me, what Success?

B.

Lovely.

Kensington-Gardens; or,

Love. Thanks to the Rebels, I'm restor'd.

Ld G. The Rebels and good Friends together, dear *Lovely*.

Love. And another Friend, which shall be nameless.

Ld G. Then I must not presume to enquire.

Love. (*Pulls out a Purse*) Ecce Signum!

Ld G. Oh your Servant, Sir! Well, I give you Joy: Your Commission's sign'd; but mine, alas! still lies in the Office.

Love. Pshaw! You have not paid the Fees then.

Ld G. I don't know what you mean by that, but by *Jupiter* twenty Pieces the least Stiver —

Love. Aye! to the *Abigail*, I suppose.

Ld G. You are free to judge as you please — In short, dear *Lovely*, I'm distracted — Cou'd I but find out what she really is, I shou'd in some measure be satisfy'd; but the Cautions she makes use of, to prevent Discoveries, I cannot unravel.

Love. Cautions! Why I thought you had succeeded there —

Ld G. Pshaw! you mean *Melissa* — that's over: but this, my Friend, is hardly two days old.

Love. A new Amour so soon! I'm sure I left you Heart-whole when I went to Town.

Ld G. You did — But when I parted with you, I went directly to the Gardens, and there I saw the finest Creature my Eyes yet e'er beheld — I were endless to describe her various Charms, as 'tis impossible by Description to do them justice. In short, I have made enquiry all over the Town, but nobody can tell me who she is. She never was at Court, the Play-house, or at Church, I'm sure: else how is't possible she shou'd be thus unknown?

Love. Some City-Dame, I warrant.

Ld G. No, she was not sawdry.

Love. A Rustick, ten to one.

Ld G. You Brute, how can you think so?

Love. A Foreigner, my Life on't.

Ld G. Preposterous! Nay, now I'll quarrel with you —

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Love. An Angel dropt down from the Clouds—

Ld G. Ay—had you but seen her, you'd have sworn so.

Love. In the Name of *Venus*, what can she be?

Ld G. These two Days I have done nothing but sigh'd and enquir'd after her

Love. Well, I'm sorry for you—and wish it lay in my power to serve you. And now I think on't, my Lord, I believe I may do you a Kindness—I expect my Sister, Lady *Jane*, to call upon me here at your Lodgings, to carry me to drink Tea with some Ladies this Morning: I shall tell 'em, a certain Nobleman has lost his Heart, and perhaps get some Intelligence who has found it?

Ld G. Can't I go with you?

Love. My Sister must inform you if 'tis proper—
In my opinion, my Lord, a Sister is a very unnecessary Companion for a young Fellow, who has no other Objections to her, but her being so nearly related to him.

Ld G. Your Sister's handsome, *Lovely*.

Love. She is young, has Ten Thousand Pounds, and need not marry a Knight, to be call'd my Lady.

Ld G. How do you and the Peer your Brother stand affected?

Love. Much after the old manner; he loves the Country, I the Court; he, his Wife; I, every Man's; he gets his own Children, and I other Peoples; that's all, my Lord.

Enter Bardach.

Bar. Lady *Jane*, Colonel—

Love. I come—My Lord, I'll make way for you; expect a Summons presently.

Ld G. Nay, I shall see you down; besides, Lady *Jane* must have a Bow—*Bardach*, if I'm ask'd for at *Melissa's*, do you hear—Come, *Lovely*. [*Exeunt.*]

Bar. Well—now my Lord's gone, I'll have my Tea. 'Tis Barbarous that we Knights of the Rainbow can't have our Levees, Assemblies, and Visiting-Days as well as our Masters—For my part, I'll never serve

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a Man again; I'll live with Ladies henceforward.

Betty — *Betty* — Lard, must I call all day — *Betty*!

Enter Betty.

Betty. What do you want?

Bard. What do I want! I think you might have added Sir to *what do you want*? Don't I live with a Lord, and consequently am a Gentleman, Bold-face.

Betty. I don't know, not I — Sir, then, since it must be so.

Bar. That's well — D'ye hear, *Betty*, put on the Tea-Kettle; I'll go to Breakfast, and — O Lard — I had like to have forgot it; my Service to Mr. — I can't think on his Name — the Gentleman's Gentleman at next door, and tell him I desire the Favour of his Company at Breakfast.

Betty. I will, Sir.

Bar. Do so, Child, and I'll give thee a Kiss by and by. So — Lard, I am very dirty to-day — I'll put on one of my Lord's Shirts to receive my Visiter; ay, and make bold with his Night-Gown and Cap too — Little do our Lords know what Airs we give ourselves in their absence. *[Exit.]*

SCENE *changes to Lucinda's Apartment.*

Lucinda, and Spleen her Woman.

Luc. WILL Lady *Jane* be here, *Spleen*?

Spl. Immediately, Madam.

Luc. That's well — But tell me, *Spleen*, how dost thou approve of my Proceedings?

Spl. Shall I speak my mind freely, Madam?

Luc. Else were I indiscreet to ask thee the Question.

Spl. Why then I assure your Ladyship, in my opinion they're very romantick — Is it possible for a Woman of your Sense, to think she can secure herself a sincere Lover in this Age, by giving out, that the only Fortune she has consists in a few good Clothes, and a genteel Complexion?

Luc. Ay!

Spl.

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Spl. Then you imagine this new way of Deceit may produce the same Effects that I have known some modern Comedies abound in, which is, to snip up a good Fortune and a Fool, by the Woman's pretending to be otherwise than she really is.

Luc. Very true.

Spl. 'Tis odd and whimsical indeed, Madam. — Tho' I have a very good opinion of your Conduct and Discretion, I doubt your Success.

Luc. Thou'rt a Fool, *Spl.* — Fortune I want not, thank my Stars; my Pleasure is the Game I now pursue, and I will gain my Point whatever it cost me — Marriage I've known severely — Marriage! No, I was let out by Lease, to have and to hold, and so forth: I was dispos'd of like a House, and, alas! to one who had not Furniture enough to supply one Room in it.

Spl. That's hard indeed, Madam.

Luc. Yet the Man was very kind indeed: I might have eaten Gold — I might have gone wherever I pleas'd, provided he went with me; never was refus'd on Saturdays a little Voyage up the Water, or a Jaunt now and then to *Islington* or *Clapham*, to reap the benefit of Country-Air: even *Salter's-Hall* in Winter I was welcome to; the Conversation of our Pastor was delightful, and *Baxter*, *Bunyan*, *Bradbury*, and *Bergess*, the kind Companions of my studious Hours.

Spl. Oh Lord! you're in Tragedy, Madam.

Luc. I was indeed, Girl, but now the Scene is chang'd, and the delightful Farce will soon begin: For thus end I have remov'd hither. My dear Spouse sleeps with his Fathers; he made shift to leave me all he had, which I believe by moderate Computation may arise to about some Twenty Thousand Pounds — This can make any Man happy that I think has Youth, an agreeable Person, Honour and Generosity enough to love a Woman who'll so pleasantly deceive him.

Spl. But, Madam, have you made no Choice yet?

Kensington-Gardens; or,

Luc. I have abundance of **PRETENDERS**, 'tis true — I shall not be long in chusing, but tedious in Tryal of the Man, I may be. Recite me the Names of those Coxcombs, for so are most Men esteem'd, who love us before we value them.

Spl. Imprimis —

Luc. Prithce don't begin with that formal Word; dost think thou'rt reading Articles at a drunken Club, or a Horse-Race.

Spl. In the first place then — **Captain Hacket.**

Luc. Hideous! he starves upon Half-Pay; makes love to his Landreels purely for the sake of clean Linen, is help'd by his Brother Officers, who know his Cowardice, and affronted by the very Box-keepers at the Play-house because he won't pay — 'Tis true, he valiantly drew his Sword one Night behind the Scenes, and his Purse once at a Basset-Bank: No, no; I'm for no Husband with his Brains in his Belly, and his Heart where his Head shou'd be, as *Scandal* says.

Spl. Then here's the spruce **Mr. Grogan**, the rich Mercer in the City —

Luc. Too fond of himself ever to be really so of me — the *Custom-House* and the *Exchange*, *Epsom* and *Gifford* Horse-Races, are his Mistresses, and 'tis pity he should enjoy any other: besides, the Cits have got that abominable Habit of Whetting in a Morning, it wears off the edge of their squeamish Appetites so much, that they have no more Stomach to their Wives, than they have to their Dinners.

Spl. Young Counsellor **Swart**, I think, is a pretty Fellow.

Luc. Were he not made up of Briefs and Declarations. Besides, I think a Lawyer too Impudent, too Knavish, too Mercenary, and too False, ever to prove a tolerable Husband: in my Conscience, all our Children wou'd be fit for nothing but Justices of the Peace, or their Clerks, Affidavit-Men, or Bailiffs-Followers — Besides, I have no notion of a Man who is but just arriv'd at the Bar from seeing no more than the two last Acts of

of

The Pretenders

of a Play in the Eighteenpenny-Gallery. No, no, I have given him his Discharge already; he'll ply here no more.

Spl. Then the fine Mr. Varnish—

Luc. A Woman in Masquerade—a cringing, affected, self-conceited Fop; with no more Brains than a Dancing-Master, no more Education than a Dutch-Vrouw, no more Generosity than a French Refugee—But by what I find, he has not Courage or Inclination enough to ask me the Question.

Spl. You are hard to please, Madam.

Luc. Are these all?

Spl. All at present, Madam.

Luc. Then you must add one more to the List—the Colonel—yet hold, he shall not be enroll'd with such Coxcombs; the Man I prize shall keep no rank with those I think beneath a Woman's Favour—Oh, yes! he is the Person.

Spl. To make you happy, Madam—

Luc. Or miserable—Heaven! 'tis more Rapture to sigh for one, than to be ador'd by Thousands—My Intimacy with his Sister is purely on that lovely Youth's account; she little knows the reason I have for my Friendship towards her; he's the engaging Cade, the attractive Charm, the Center of my Hopes, my Youth and Love.

Spl. Then he, it seems, must be the happy Man.

Luc. That's not determin'd yet—'Tis true, I love him—like his exterior Form: But then, alas! he is too wild, too much a Man of the Town—to be sincerely what I wish to make him. However, I'll use all my Female Arts to sound his Temper, and try the Value of my other Admirers—for I would not run headlong into the Noose of Matrimony neither; although, Girl, a Husband I must and will have, and there's an end on't. Pshaw! this troublesome Creature: Go, *Spleen*, and bring me word immediately when the Colonel comes—that I may send her packing.

Enter Melissa.

Mel. Dear Madam, I am quite out of Breath, and out of Countenance—Will you pardon my Intrusion—Lard ha' mercy upon me, I am just come from Lady *Topsy's*—

Luc. Oh Madam, no Occasion for Apologies—How does her Ladyship?

Mel. Extremely well, Madam— I have been drinking Tea with her and Mrs. *Chatterwell*— Lord! that Mrs. *Chatterwell* is such a Compound of Impertinence, her Tongue never ceases, and then she rails at every thing; she no sooner leaves this Company, but she ridicules you in that; Nothing can please her but Detraction, which she takes as common with her Tea, as other People do Bread and Butter.

Luc. Her Ladyship's own Character exactly. [*Aside.*

Mel. I never was so out of Countenance in all my Life, the ill-natur'd Toad would needs offer me a Dish of Bohea, and I'll swear by the Size I took it for a Basin of warm Water to wash my Hands in: 'twas so impertinent, I cou'd not but take notice of it; which she perceiving—Lard! says she, you need make no Apology; I know your Mind well enough: had it been as much Cold Tea, 'twou'd have gone down without any Scruple.

Luc. Methinks, Madam, her Offer was very kind.

Mel. Kind, do you call it? I fancy'd my self stuffing at a Country Farmer's Christening; nothing but swallow, swallow, Impertinence and Stupidity: Nay really the whole Company was much of a piece— If one thing chanc'd to be agreeable, there was some Deficiency in another— Captain *Blunder* the *Irishman* was pretty well dress'd, but his Conversation was abominable. Mr. *Fiddle-faddle* talk'd well enough, but he cou'd not help patting his Foot every now and then with his Cane. My Lord *Out-of-Place* rail'd at the Court, with his Smelling-Bottle eternally at his Nose; and Mrs. *Singlegown* had the most preposterous Fancy in her Clothes that ever you saw, and her Hoop, if I

stand

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stand here alive, was not above twelve Yards in Circumference.

Luc. You censure both Sexes too severely.

Mel. Oh my Dear! I wish you had been with me yesterday, you wou'd have consum'd your Spleen with Laughter—I think I have not seen you since, tell me of it: You must know I was invited to Dinner at my Lady *Homebred's*, where there was nothing but Absurdity upon Absurdity.

Luc. I must bear with this impertinent Creature—As how, Madam?

Mel. Why much Meat and no Order; a perfect Chaos of Dishes jumbled together, without any Proportion or Distinction, as if to eat were nothing but to fill one's Belly; Boil'd Beef, Roast Mutton, Venison-Pasty, Sillabubs and *Cheshire Cheese*; ha! ha! ha! Hideous—and then her Ladyship ever and anon, *Pray eat heartily*; Madam, shall I help you? indeed you're very welcome. Intolerable Ill-Manners!

Luc. Lard, Child, cou'd you blame her for her Hospitality?

Mel. Dear Madam, how can you miscall a thing so? After Dinner Dr. *Blunderbuss*, her Ladyship's Chaplain, hem'd and said Grace; Mr. *Gormandise*, the Dutch Merchant, belch'd and drank a Bumper; Sir *Barnaby Bloodhound* fell asleep in the Easy-Chair; and the Ladies retir'd to the farther end of the Room, where they whisper'd and laugh'd, leaving me alone to make Remarks on the whole Company.

Luc. This Idiot never perceiv'd she was the Subject of their Mirth [*Aside*] A pleasant Company, Madam.

Mel. Ay! was it not? A little after came in my Lady's Brother, as dirty as a superannuated Poet, and as much out of fashion; he wanted nothing but being out at the Elbows, and having a little Modesty, to confirm me he really was so: he slubber'd us all round, ask'd if Dinner was over, order'd the Butler to set him a Slice of Beef and a Bottle of Stale Beer in the Pantry,

and stumbled out of the Room with the Air of one of his unlick'd Brother Savages at the *Bear-garden*.

Lar. Indeed, Madam, you are too curious an Observer.

Mel. Hideous! what Woman of a liberal Education endure such Enormities; I swear, when I see Persons of reputed Fashion want their Decorums; I vow I pity them — ha! ha! ha! Yet if 'twere not for those rude unpolish'd Animals, such as you and I, whom I may say without Vanity, transcend the rest of Womankind, shou'd want Diversion sometimes.

Lar. That ever any thing so ridiculous shou'd laugh at others! [*Aside*] I am of another opinion, Madam; Follies and Imperfections are inseparable from human Nature; the glorious Sun is not without his Spots; then how shou'd we poor Mortals gain Perfection? — For my part, I dare not laugh at others, for fear they shou'd see something more ridiculous in me, and return the Jest with Interest.

Mel. Nay, Madam, if you incline to be serious, I protest I don't laugh at any one thro Contempt or Ill-will; I compassionate from my Soul the Follies and Impertinences of both Sexes, and yet, ha! ha! 'tis impossible to forbear being tickled a little at the odd kind of Behaviour one sees abroad in the World.

Lar. Not at all impossible, if we wou'd give ourselves leave to consider that we may behave as oddly as others. I take no delight in censuring — that Woman who rails at any Vice in either Sex which she shou'd not be thought to understand, in my mind makes herself very near as guilty by her Knowledge, as those who commit the Facts.

Mel. Madam, you may imagine what you please — but I hope you don't hint any thing at my Reputation — If you did —

Lar. Come, my Dear, we all have our Faults; I have heard you say, you love Plain-dealing, and the way to try you, is to see if you can relish it when us'd to yourself: take it as a Maxim, That those who usurp

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a Liberty of making all Mankind their Jest, often prove themselves the greatest.

Mel. Oh, Madam, you are touch'd, 'I see: it may be I have been too free in proclaiming the Follies of some Gallant your favour.

Luc. No, Madam, that does not lie in your power — Not but Envy and Detraction can do much, and when they want fit Subjects to entertain their Spleen with, are generally fruitful in Invention, and call in Lyes and Falshood to their Aid, to blast a Virtue they cou'd ne'er arrive at.

Mel. I always imagin'd you had Good-Manners, Madam, but —

Luc. You shall find I have, Madam — If I've said any thing that you think touches your Character, I am sorry and beg pardon, otherwise you must take my Sentiments to be just in general — I make no Particulars.

Enter Vapours to her Mistress, and whispers.

Vap. Lord George waits for your Ladyship below —

Mel. I come —

Re-enter Spleen.

Spl. Colonel Lovely, Madam, desires to know if he may have leave to wait on you.

Luc. Do you hear, Madam? His Visit is to you, I suppose. —

Mel. To me! Lard, Madam, how can you think so? — I have no Conversation with Fops, his Betters are at my service; your Ladyship and he may beget a right Understanding: (I can't bear this affected, censorious, malicious, ugly Devil) I take my leave — I'll make work with her and her Colonel, or I'll die for it.

Luc. Desire the Colonel to walk up — Now, now, my Heart — But what cou'd this impertinent Creature mean by all this Passion I fear 'tis Jealousy; sure my charming Warriour wou'd not stoop to such a noisy, idle, giddy Girl as this — No, no; for he has Wit, and to a Woman of Sense that's a superiour Charm: But then,

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then Wit and Falshood are such close Companions, that Beauty scarce can ever separate them.

Enter Colonel and Lady Jane.

Col. I'm not come alone, Madam; you see I have my Passport in my Hand.

Luc. Dear Lady Jane!

L. Jane. My dear *Lucinda* I rejoyce to see you — This malicious Red-coat kept me in ignorance where you was, till this Morning; else I shou'd not have depriv'd myself so long of your agreeable Company.

Luc. I never had occasion to upbraid the Colonel with Ill-nature before.

Col. What you are pleas'd to call Ill-nature, Madam, was the Effects of Business — my Sister can witness —

Luc. Come, no Excuses, Colonel — Gentlemen of your Profession now-a-days are as expert at their Tongues, as dextrous with their Swords; the plain honest Bluntness of the Soldier is lost in the smooth Insincerity of the Courtier.

Col. We are indebted to the Court for our Commissions and Politeness, Madam; and if we are tainted with any of its Insincerity, 'tis but after the Example of our Superiours to equip ourselves with Arms defensive, upon some Occasions.

Luc. In my mind those who make use of such Weapons upon any Occasion, shou'd never carry Arms in the Land of Love.

L. Jane. But be left naked and expos'd to the very Dangers they wou'd involve others in.

Luc. But I have a better opinion of your Brother, Madam, tho he's both a Wit and a Courtier, than to think him tinctur'd in the least with Insincerity, and only talks of it as a Lawyer does in a Cause he knows to be wrong, for the sake of his Fee.

Col. But what occasion have I given your Ladyship for calling me a Wit? Cou'd you find out no other way to make me believe you think me very ridiculous?

Luc.

The Pretensions.

Luc. 'Tis a Title most of you Town-Sparks are fond of aspiring to; and very often 'tis given, like a Place at Court, to an undeserving Ignoramus.

L. Jane. Or at most purchased with Money, and becomes 'em as ill as some late Created Peers do their Coronets.

Col. Faith, Ladies, you're a little Satyrical; but I imagined you were inclin'd for Rallery. I cou'd have brought a certain young Peer to vindicate the Honour he is lately arriv'd to; but then he'd make but a slender Defence, for he's heartless, I assure you.

Luc. Not headless, I hope.

Col. To confess freely, I believe he is; else he wou'd not be so unaccountably in love.

L. Jane. Unaccountably in love! For Heaven's sake explain, Brother.

Col. Why, he informs me that a certain Lady, he knows not who, met him he knows not how, and took his Heart with her he knows not whither.

Luc. And so the poor Gentleman is in a miserable Taking?

Col. He has breath'd such Extasies, sigh'd so vehemently, talk'd so oddly, and looks so simply; that, as in a Glass, by his Countenance, every Man that's in love may see his own Reflexion.

Luc. Poor Gentleman, I'll swear I pity him.

Col. I'm sorry for it, Madam.

Luc. Why so?

Col. Because it does not give me a little Concern to find you inclin'd to pity one you never saw; while I, who have so long ador'd you——

Luc. For Heaven's sake don't make any set Speeches, Colonel: keep your wonted Vivacity, and if you must speak your mind, let it be cheerfully——A Tone, a downcast Look, and such canting Stuff, are as much Hypocrisy in Love as in Religion.

Col. And yet without such Forms you think we never can be real.

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Luc. Rather judge 'em the Effects of artful Diffimulation—It is the Cloak to cover carnal Knavery: Cheerfulness often gains, when Dulness is repuls'd, and I prefer the lively Lover before the sleeping one, as I do Cathedral Service before a Conventicle.

L. Jane. Pray, Brother, who is this unfortunate Nobleman?

Col. You have seen him, and know him.

L. Jane. Not by the Marks you give of him, I assure you.

Col. 'Tis Lord George Bellmour.

L. Jane. Ha!

Luc. You stare, my Dear——Nay then——and blush too, as I live; Ha! ha! ha! On my Conscience you're caught, Lady Jane.

Col. Oh Lord, Sister, have I found you! Nay, don't endeavour to conceal your Confusion, for you'll do it so aukardly, 'twill be expos'd the more.

L. Jane. I protest, Brother, I think you rude——Pray, my Dear, take no notice of my blushing; 'tis so common a thing with me, you need but only tell me so, and I redden immediately.

Luc. Ay, but there's something more in this than telling you of it——Well, this Love is an unaccountable thing!—Suppose Lord George's Uneasiness is occasion'd by you all this while, and we have happily discover'd the Secret?

L. Jane. That's impossible; for me he has seen and knows.

Luc. With your pardon, my Dear, the more for that very Reason.

Col. Well, we shall know all anon; for I expect him to call upon me here.

L. Jane. I won't stay then, I assure you.

Col. Indeed but you shall.

L. Jane. What to be made your Jest?——Every moment to make your Observations on me, if I but look aside, for you to wink, and raise the Fellow's Vanity,

The Pretenders.

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Vanity, by imagining I love him: No, as you have made the Jest, enjoy it all yourself.

Luc. Pray, my Dear, be pacify'd; I'll lay my Commands upon your Brother to confine his Spleen, if possible ——— Colonel, this Lady is my Friend, and by all that's Good if you offer ———

Col. Oh your Servant, Madam ——— Well, I shall obey you — But was it out of humour with me? —

L. Jane. Pshaw!

Luc. Come, hold your tongue ——— I shall see this Spark, I find; and then if I approve of your Choice, you shan't want a Confidant, my Dear, to do you Service ——— In the mean time we'll drink his Health in a Dish of Tea: you'll pledge us, Lady Jane?

L. Jane. I'll comply with the Company.

Luc. Colonel, you'll Squire me? ———

Col. My lovely Charmer ———

Luc. Pshaw! no Raptures ——— Lady Jane ———

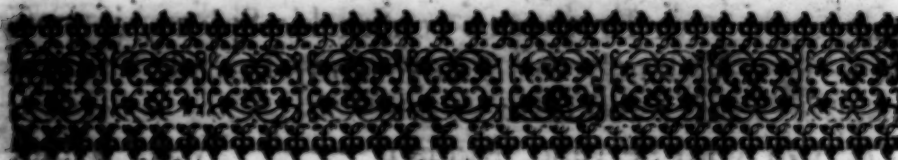
[Exit Colonel and Lucinda]

L. Jane. I'll follow you, Madam ——— Oh! my Confusion, by one Indiscretion to discover what has so long been labouring in my Bosom, and yet 'twas happy for me; I shou'd have dy'd before I cou'd divulge it ——— But since 'tis out, there's no retreating now: the Cards are dealt, and I must play my Game as cunning as I can.

For Love, like Slight of Hand, when most conceal'd,
Surprizing pleases, but is lost reveal'd.



ACT



ACT II

SCENE, Melissa's Apartment.

Melissa and Vapours, her Woman.

Mel. ~~WASTE~~ASTE, good Girl, and unlace me a little,
or I shall swoon.

Vap. Bless me, Madam! what's the
matter?

Mel. To go away so abruptly, and tell me he must
run to Town—

Vap. Has Lord George put you out of humour, Ma-
dam?

Mel. All the World does, I think—but Lucinda.—
—Lard, Vapours, cou'd you have believ'd it; that im-
pudent, proud, conceited Thing had the Confidence
to school me like a Girl; but I'll be even with her.—

Vap. The forward Thing! what in the Name of
Vanity cou'd make her presume so?

Mel. Nay, she may think what she pleases of it—
but I'm sure 'twas a very impertinent Air she gave
herself—Lard! the Puss thinks she has as much Wit
as I have—I was giving her a very entertaining Ac-
count of the Absurdities I have observ'd these two
days: And you know, Vapours, nobody can railly bet-
ter than I—

Vap. To be sure, Madam.

Mel.

Mel. Dear Wench — I was giving an Account, as I was telling you, and she, senseless Creature, instead of being pleased with, or admiring my fine Turns of Expression, and the facetious manner of the Ridicule, insinuated rudely that I myself was ridiculous: Did you ever hear the like?

Vap. An unmannerly Creature! but you cou'd expect no better from her Country Education.

Mel. The Country Disease, the Green-Sickness, spoil her for it, a Flirt! She has given me the Vapours most insufferably. Oh! I shall faint — Dear Child, step into the next Room, and fetch me the Bottle instantly — Pshaw! that's the wrong — that might do well enough after a small Disappointment of a Bow and a Curtesy not return'd in due time — Hartshorn is well enough for that, but this requires something of another nature.

Vap. How do you now, Madam?

Mel. A little come to myself — fill my Box with fresh Snuff, and look out *Cato* for me — I'll burlesque immediately.

Vap. I shall, Madam —

[*Exit.*

Mel. An impudent Flirt — tho I should thank her, she has put me into an excellent Ill-humour, I cou'd satirize deliciously — Oh that I had her here, I'd give her such Strokes — of my Wit: But tho I can't be reveng'd on her, I will on others, for I hate Idleness prodigiously.

Re-enter Vapours.

Vap. Here's your Box, Madam — and *Cato* lies up on the Desk in your Ladyship's Brown-Study, ready to be dissected, and only waits for your Operation, Madam —

Mel. Very well, *Vapours* — I see you can improve, there's nothing like being about us People of Wit — Dissected! and Operation! Very good! No Letters for me?

Vap. Yes, Madam, one on your Toilet —

Mel. Give it me! — Lard, I shou'd know this Hand — Hum — Subscriptions — Jacob Tonson — In Sheets — Quite alter'd — Curll — Booksellers — Poets — Criticks — Rogues — Humble Servant. Well, I protest I am glad of it, then I shall see myself in Print at last; this would have cur'd my Vapours without the Bottle, had I receiv'd it sooner. But to *Lucinda* — don't you think her now in your Conscience and Soul a strange ill-behaved Creature? — Pray speak your Mind freely. I wonder what any Man can see in her that's tolerable.

Vap. And so do I, I protest, Madam.

Mel. Her Complexion — that is, what's her own, for between you and I, *Vapours*, they say she lays it on with a Trowel; but you need not take it from me, for Heaven knows my Heart, I'm not malicious — Her Complexion —

Vap. Tallow, mere Tallow, Madam, and looks as frowzy as a Cook-maid in hot Weather.

Mel. Dear Girl — then her Eyes are —

Vap. As dull as her Understanding — and are run into her Head to avoid the refulgent Brightness of your superior Twinklers!

Mel. Excellent — I vow, Girl, that can't be your own, no, nor it shan't be, if I can purchase it with this Head and Ruffles: Superior Twinklers! Then her Nose —

Vap. Like a Gnomon to a Sun-dial, and tells by the Lines of her Face the approaching Hour of her declining Sun of Beauty.

Mel. Mighty well indeed, *Vapours*. But then her Shape is — Pray let me say something now — her Shape is — her Shape is most Unshapely, that's the truth of it.

Vap. Ay, Madam, and looks for all the world as if she had run aside the Mold she was cast in.

Mel. Oh! my dear *Vapours*, that's pure — I'll present you with my last Chints-Gown and Petticoat; but

but have a care of the Weavers— Well, I now I pity her.

Vap. So you should, Madam, for she's below your Resentment.

Mel. My Resentment! poor Creature— I'd have her know I despise her— Poor empty vain Wretch— she thinks to get Colonel *Lovely*— but I'm mistaken if he does not know a right Jewel from a piece of painted Glass, that but faintly resembles it— Besides, by what I understand, she has no Fortune.

Vap. No Fortune, Madam! I wonder at her Impudence.

Mel. The Colonel sent to know if she was a creature to receive a Visit from him— Not that I value him a pin; but to a Woman of Youth and Parts, 'tis an intolerable Uneasiness to know a Fellow addresses another in the same House with her. Now if we cou'd but contrive some way to set 'em together by the ears, 'twou'd be exquisite Pleasure.

Vap. Madam, I have a Thought come into my Head, which if rightly improv'd, may be of Service.

— Lord *George Bellmour* and the Colonel, you know, are Intimates— Lord *George's* Servant is my humble Servant; he takes an Opportunity every Morning of paying his Devoirs (as he calls it) to me: I expect him every moment, and if your Ladyship gives me leave, I'll examine him in every Particular, and sound the Bottom of this Business.

Mel. Dear Girl, you charm me— 'twill be excellent.

Vap. Let me alone, Madam— Do you be pleas'd to retire into the next Room, I think I hear him coming.

Mel. I go, dear Wench, I go. [Exit]

[Bardach peeping in at the Door in a Night-Gown, &c.]

Bar. Madam *Vapours*, your humble Servant. Is your Mistress abroad?

Vap. You may enter without Fear, Mr. *Bardach*.

Bar. That's impossible, Madam——when I approach you, your Presence and half a dozen Dishes of Bohea, always give me such a Palpitation, that a—such a Trembling——

Vap. Does your Tea disagree with you?

Bar. Extremely——unless I qualify it with a Dram, like the Ladies——but then I never drink plain Brandy, as they do, 'tis so apt to get in one's Head, and when I have any thing in my Head, 'tis generally good for nothing all day long.

Vap. What other Liquor then is so happy to be your Favourite?

Bar. *Rosa-Solis*, or Citron-Water——My Lord constantly has Citron-Water.

Vap. And you always follow his Example?

Bar. Yes, where I think 'tis good——but not in every thing; for as I hope to be saved, he's now and then a little naughty.

Vap. As how! Passionate?

Bar. No, not passionate; but he'll drink, and then he keeps Company with Rakes, and I hate Rakes——The Colonel and he are Hand and Glove——and between you and I, Mrs. *Vapours*, they say he got a Wench with child once.

Vap. Indeed! Odious Fellow——

Bar. Really he'll spoil my Lord——I have told him of it fifty times; but my Lord never minds me.

Vap. That's strange, and a Person so fit to advise him too.

Bar. Ay, Madam——I'll say that for my old Lady *Rampant*, the last Person I liv'd with, she wou'd consult me in most things: Lard, *Bardach*, says she, you understand every thing, know every thing——and if it was not for you, my Monkey, and my Husband, I should die of the Spleen.

Vap. She held you in great Esteem, indeed, Sir.

Bar. But indeed I must say this for my Lord, he is generally pretty good, only in his Cups now and then he's

he's apt to call a body Fop, and /says I'm fitter to be about a Woman than a Man; and I hate to be call'd Fop, for any body may see I'm not affected — I have thoughts of leaving him, cou'd I be recommended to the Service of a fair Lady.

Vap. Which Service you may soon arrive at, provided you can be obliging to a fair Lady.

Bar. Oh! nobody more — Mrs. *Vapours*, I vow and swear I am the handiest Creature in the World, and can turn myself to any thing; a Lady that has me, needs no Woman about her.

Vap. Why then, no longer to amuse you, my Lady, wants such a one as you, and wou'd be glad to entertain you in her Service — But in order to recommend yourself, you must promise me to fulfil what she shall request of you.

Bar. You may be assur'd I will —

Vap. Nay tho it be to reveal, or keep a Secret.

Bar. Oh Lard, nobody better.

Vap. You promise me then?

Bar. I do, and swear by this Lilly.

Vap. Very courtly!

Bar. Dear Mrs. *Vapours*, I'd go thro' any thing to oblige you.

Vap. Tho you part with your Virtue —

Bar. Oh Lard, I can't part with my Virtue —

Vap. Of Secrecy, I mean.

Bar. Yes, that I can, but I must not lose my Virtue, for that I trust will make my Fortune one time or other —

Vap. Coxcomb!

Bar. Tho 'tis so very common to be lewd among the inferiour Part of our Fraternity; they aspire to no other Ambition, than a Nocturnal Intrigue in the Garret with the House-maid — but some of us, the more Polite I mean, insinuate ourselves to our Ladies Women, and very often our Lords turn us away, because they

they have a natural Antipathy to long Hair and clean Linen.

Vap. By which Rule I fancy you have liv'd in several Families.

Bar. I have indeed — — But 'tis a strange Life, this being a Servant; nay, what is worse, to be call'd by that odious Name of Footman — — tho I cou'd bear even that, were all Gentlemen's Gentlemen as refin'd in their Behaviour as I am. We have a particular Society amongst ourselves, which is dignified by the honourable Title of Knights of the Rainbow; and we never admit any who have not been at least seven Years in London, wear their Silver Watches and their Master's Linen, game in the Lobby, play at Shuttlecock with the young Ladies, and never appear abroad without a Black Bag, Red-top'd Shoes, an Amber-headed Cane, and a Silver Snuff-Box, cram'd with O-rangerie or Bergamot.

Vap. I'll assure you, this judicious Decorum ought to make you more valu'd by the World — — But come with me, and I'll introduce you to my Lady, you may make your Fortune if you please.

Bar. And I'll flip no Opportunity, I'll warrant you —

Vap. Oblige her in one thing — — she won't be ungrateful.

Bar. Oblige! Ay, to be sure.

Vap. Only to tell what Affairs Lord George and the Colonel have on their hands at present —

Bar. Let her but bribe the Secretary, she shan't want Intelligence: for Servants like Statesmen are only true to their own Interest.

Vap. This Way then.

Bar. I follow you.

SCENE

SCENE changes to Lucinda's Apartment.

Lucinda and Lady Jane.

Lady Jane reading.

OUR Sex is bounded by severest Laws,
Mutes only in our most important Cause;
We walk like troubled Shades, with Silence curs'd
And must not speak, till those we haunt speak first—
Hey ho! is not this true, *Lucinda*?

Luc. The Author of those Lines * seems to be very well acquainted with the Nature of Women in love: but come, my Dear, tho we ought not to speak first, yet 'tis not impossible but we may make our Desires known. Our Looks betray us, and there's always a sympathetick Knowledge in Love, by which both Parties may easily discover their Affections.

L. Jane. Ay, but then the Insensible, the Indifferent, or perhaps the Dissembler, despise, insult and oft betray our Weakness.

Luc. But I'll answer for Lord George, he comes not within the Degree of either—and since you have generously made me your Confidant, I will assist you.—But in return, my Dear, your Knowledge of my own Affairs shall be compleated: Therefore whatever Discoveries I make, promise me never to reveal 'em.

L. Jane. I swear by all the Ties of sacred Friendship, as I hope to be prosperous where I most desire—

Luc. Enough, your Honour I make no doubt of; but Swearing is the Preliminary Article towards the discovering a Secret, and according to Method and Form I expected it—Know then, my Dear, *Lucinda* with all her gay Equipage, and her Train of Admirers, has no other Fortune than this little Beauty.

L. Jane. How!

24 *Kensington-Gardens; or,*

Luc. And some Virtue — My Parents dying left me in the hands of one of those Wolves call'd Guardians, who piously took care to rob your humble Servant, for the honest Intention of Founding an Hospital: 'tis too long to tell the Circumstances of his barbarous Usage; but he making his Exit, left me the Chancery for my Subsistence, for no other Reason, but my refusing the old Letcher the last Favour.

L. Jane. Prodigious! Horrid!

Luc. My Affairs being in this melancholy Posture, you can't blame me if I endeavour to make as good use as possible of this Face, for 'twill be fading, tho now in Bloom — And to declare my Thoughts freely, Lady *Jane*, I have a Design upon your Brother.

L. Jane. My Brother!

Luc. Yes, my Dear, for two Reasons: the first is this, I am, hey-ho! passionately in Love; in the next place —

L. Jane. You may spare the other.

Luc. Not when I declare sincerely, the Honour and Happiness of calling you Sister, is no weak Motive; and next to being bless'd in such a Husband's Arms, I shou'd prefer no Joy to your endearing Friendship.

L. Jane. Which shall be everlasting.

Luc. And thus let me embrace it — Now you find how Affairs stand, we must be assisting to each other; and to convince you that no sordid Interest can induce me to esteem your Brother, know, I have abundance of Admirers, I can pick and chuse — This is a true and perfect Inventory of all the Lovers I have got since I've been in Town, with their respective Rates and Value set over-against their Names.

L. Jane. This is pleasant indeed.

Luc. The first, you must understand, has been marry'd — I wonder how a Man that has been trap'd in the Conjugal Noose can have the Impudence to make Love — If one were inclin'd to have him, he's no more fit for a young Woman than a Pair of cast Shoes.

L. Jane.

The Pretences.

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L. Jane. Indeed his Beauty must be decay'd by the last that wore him.

Luc. Ay, and his Strength too. O' my Conscience, I would not marry a Widower, if he were as rich as *Crasus*; the Rust of his former Wedlock is so eat into him, that he can neither be polish'd for Ornament, nor made fit for Use.

L. Jane. If you were a young Widow, you would change your Sentiments.

Luc. And because I am a young Widow, I have those Sentiments [*Aside*] I shou'd expect, if I were on such a Man, to be made the Drudge of the Family, and be wore out a-pace to make room for new Furniture. Marriage is a Trade with some People, and the greatest Dealers traffick not so much for the sake of the Commodity, as the Profit it brings.

L. Jane. One of your Lovers, I see, is a Bachelor with a good Estate, and no Incumbrance—

Luc. But himself, on which he has entail'd so many Fopperies, that no Woman's Conduct can ever retrieve.

L. Jane. I always observe, when our Sex are Satirical, we either love the Man, or don't know him.

Luc. Or rather from knowing him too well—As for example, *Spleen*—desire Mr. *Grogan* to wait a Step into the Closet, my Dear, and you may chance to hear a Love-Scene entirely *Novel*, and perhaps not unpleasant.

Enter Grogan.

Grog. Madam, your humble Servant—I think I sent you yesterday a faithful and exact Particular of all the Wealth I am Master of.

Luc. And what do you infer from that, Sir?

Grog. That I am possess'd to the Value of Twenty Thousand Pounds; and tho' I live upon *Laziness*, am no mean Trader, but a Man of Substance, and Responsible.

Luc. Very well, Sir—

E

26 *Kensington Gardens; or,*

Greg. I have in my Books most of the Quality, from my Lady Dutchess to my Lady Mayorefs, and then again I can trundle you down the twelve Companies in regular Catalogues, all indebted to your humble Servant *Sylvester Gramam Esq;*

Luc. So!

Greg. I call myself only Esquire yet, Madam — but the Honour of Knighthood is just going to lay its Weight upon my Worshipful Shoulders; and then, Madam, if you marry me, you have a Chance for being a Lady.

Luc. I understand you, Sir.

Greg. Now, Madam, I come to the Point — I protest I love and respect you, and if you like to be a Citizen's Wife (I don't mean you shall ever appear in my Shop) I am ready to carry you where you shall give place to none.

Luc. Truly, Sir, that is no weak Motive to the greatest part of our Sex, who are fond of Precedence and Superiority; but I have a foolish Fancy to be happy, as well as appear so to others, and that I conceive I can only be, in the tender Affections of the Man I make my Husband.

Greg. Madam, I believe I may say without Vanity, no Man will live better with a Wife than I; I am not in my Shop now, Madam — I speak Truth.

Luc. Well, this is something — you let me know before-hand how rich you are, and consequently, as you imagine, the Reasons why I should love you; but you have not said one Syllable of your Love to me.

Greg. No! Why 'tis all Love, substantial Love, as much as any Citizen can give — Are not a good Journey, a Coach of your own to ride in, your Country and your City House, better Declarations of a Man's Passion, than the Flames and Darts, and Falal-dera-lals, which Fops make use of? And don't I express more Affection in making you Mistress of so many Thousand Pounds, than I should by Millions of soft Phrases and nothing else?

Luc.

Luc. Nay, I like a Heart never the worse for bringing a good Estate to balance against its natural Levity; but we young Women expect some pretty Considerations to enable us to enjoy our Wealth with more Reason.

Grog. What are they, Madam?

Luc. First, whenever I marry, I must not have my Will oppos'd in any thing, whether it be to go abroad or stay at home, to eat, drink, or lie alone, be out of order when I please, without your enquiring what's the matter with me; to give and receive Visits when and I please——and yourself to present me every day quaterade with Tickers.

Grog. A large Article that! Have you any thing more to offer?

Luc. Yes, I must have what Money I please in command, not retail'd out by Pounds, Shillings, and Pence; as if you were paying your Wewels in Spittle-Field, and plac'd to Account amongst your Debts; and assign me for Extravagance at the Year's end: but I'll have free Ingress, Egress and Regress to and from your Compting-House, and serve myself at discretion. This now will prove your Love, Sir.

Grog. (The Devil it will!) Aye but Madam, suppose I shou'd subscribe to all this now, what will you do when that Stock you purpose to diminish so much?

Luc. That is, I suppose in plain Terms, what have I to deserve Love from a Man who can love none but for Riches.

Grog. Not altogether for Riches, Madam; 'tis necessary to adjust Portion and Settlements in the first place.

Luc. The formal Fool thinks making Love no more than driving a Bargain; but I'll tell him, [aside] You wou'd know, I suppose, what Fortune I have in my Disposal.

Grog. Yes, Madam; not that I much value it, only for our future Ease and Quiet, and that

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Lady

Pray

The Pretenders

Luc. Well, I cant help that : But I must please my Eye, tho I plague my Heart. 'Tis a vain Expression *Lady Jane*, from one who has no Fortune : your Brother I believe I may bid adieu to; his Gallantry is very extensive, and his amorous Expressions the same as those as have been made to other Women; therefore I am resolv'd to tie up, for if I play much longer at this Game, I shall be quite broke. This day I'm determin'd to give all my Lovers Audience, and he that has the most Love shall carry me. This little Beauty, like *Alexander's Empire*, shall be given to the most Worthy.

L. Jane. 'Tis well (if like that) it be not divided amongst a great many; but you say that pure Love shall be the Merit to carry you.

Luc. Yes — For he who marries me with no Fortune, is either a Lover or a Madman.

L. Jane. I should chuse to be acquainted with the Mind of the Man; I am to resign my Power and Freedom to.

Luc. The Mind in either Sex is never known before Marriage, and I shall give myself no trouble in searching after Impossibilities.

L. Jane. But I'd be sure to have a Man of Sense.

Luc. The Manner of their making Love will show that; but I am not obstinately fix'd upon a Man of Sense: for as the Opinion of some in the World is, that none but Fools marry; so take it as my Maxim, I will marry any but a Fool. For since Nature and Custom have given Men the Preheminence, Men of Sense will exert their Privilege, and 'tis in vain to oppose or dispute it with them: But a Fool, like a Horse, knows not his own Strength, and may be rid as we please.

L. Jane. Well, I differ from you, I cou'd not buy a Fool for a Servant, then how for a Lord and Master; and there are few so stupid or timorous but know their Power, and will exert it. A Man of Sense will always treat a Woman with Good-manners; and

80 *Kensington-Gardens; or,*

must be a Slave, let me serve the Grand Signior sooner than a *Jamaica-Planter*.

Luc. So chuse on every slight Pretence to lose your Life, rather than bear a little Correction!—Come, my Dear, Dissimulation, the Woman's ready Friend, will always help us, not only to share, but usurp the Dominion. Women may govern their Husbands, as cunning Politicians do their Princes, by Fawning and Submission.

*By That we gain an unsuspected Sway,
And rule the Monarchs whom we seem t'obey.*

[*Exit.*]

SCENE changes, a Tea-Table.

Enter Vapours and Bardach.

Vap. SO, they are gone at last! I thought they wou'd never have done chatting. You may approach, *Mr. Bardach*; I hope you'll excuse all Indecorums: for really our House is so little, I have no Place to entertain you in, but this publick Room; and yet we pay an excessive high Rent.

Bar. Oh Madam, no Apology.

Vap. You'll think fondurably, I hope. Well, my Lady charg'd me to entertain you, and in obedience to her Commands, and my own natural Respect to a Gentleman of your Accomplishments, I hope I shall do it to your Satisfaction. What is your Tea?

Bar. Green, Madam.

Vap. I'll give Directions to my Woman immediately. In the mean time please to be seated. I'll wait upon you in a moment, Sir. [Exit.]

Bar. Well, certainly Gossiping is the Delight of one's Life. I'm never happier than when among the Women, for they furnish me with Tea and Drums for my Constitution, little odd things to help out my Drefs and Affectation, and Scandal for true Sense and Humour in my Comedies—Tho Poetry has been of little ad-

vantage

70 *The Pretensions*

vantage to me; for, I don't know what's the Reason, neither of the Play-Houses will ever act any thing that I write.

Enter Vapours.

Vap. Dear Soul, pardon me for being absent so long—Here, *Betty*, bring in the Tea-Kettle.

Enter Betty, with a Tea-Kettle, &c.

Bar. Lard! that's delightful—I never saw such beautiful China in my Life; the Equipage entirely new—What might it stand you in?

Vap. Really, Sir, I think it cost us thirty Guineas—I can't be positive, for my Lady has not shewn the Bill yet. You'll pardon me for being so free; but will you favour me with cutting a Slice or two of Bread and Butter, while I clean the Cups and Saucers?

Bar. Lard love my Soul! you charm me; my Fingers itch'd to be employ'd sooner, but I was afraid of presuming too far. Madam, as I hope to be sav'd, I clean all the China at our House; tho'tis a Man's China, and indeed hardly worth while.

Vap. Have you never a Maid?

Bar. We have a Servant—but she breaks more things than her Maidenhead's worth, which I am told is irretrievable, for my Lord has made her so saucy, you'd admire—Why, Madam, she speaks to me as familiarly as if I were her Equal.

Vap. Ay, but I suffer no such thing in our House, no Servants shall give themselves Airs to me.

Bar. To be sure, Madam.

Vap. If they did—

Enter Spleen.

Lord bless me! here's Mrs. Spleen. Mrs. Spleen, will you oblige us with your Company at Breakfast?

Spl. Dear Mrs. Vapours, I fear I shall be wanted—besides, I was thinking of getting my self ready to go abroad—You have Company, Madam?

Vap. Only Mr. Bardach.

32 Kensington-Gardens; or,

Spl. O! Mr. *Bardach* is the finest Gentleman, next his Lord, in the whole Town—Some People won't stick to say you are Relations, and only pass for Master and Servant to excuse your Intimacy.

Bar. The Town honours me, Madam.

Spl. What are you doing, Mr. *Bardach*?

Bar. Ha! ha! only helping Madam *Vapours*—But I shall resign my Place to her—Pray, Madam, pre-
side, I beg of you.

Vap. Indeed I shan't—Mrs. *Spleen*, do you.

Spl. Not for the World, while Mr. *Bardach* is in Company; he heads a Tea-Table the best in the World.

Bar. Oh Madam, you honour me—Well, since it must be so—Do you love Sugar, Madam?

Vap. Yes, Sir.

Bar. And you, Madam?

Spl. To be sure.

Bar. Lard bless me! I wonder at it, Sugar is out of fashion, entirely out of fashion. Now I always drink my Tea plain. Madam, your Dish—Yours, fair Creature—Lard! I am so snug now.

Spl. Pray, Mr. *Bardach*, do you hear any thing of her Grace? she you know, that's talk'd of so much.

Bar. O Lard! Madam, she's blown. They say she made a Trip beyond Sea, and if ever her crack'd Reputation is sodder'd, Lord *Harry* alone can do it.

Vap. Her Grace is the Town-Talk, I'll swear—and Sir *John Thoughtless* has rail'd at her to my Lady, I vow I was asham'd to hear it.

Bar. Sir *John Thoughtless*! O Lard, I know him, he wears an Amber-headed Cane.

Spl. Yes, and is pointed at, for his Effeminacy.

Bar. Effeminacy! Well, I row and swear I wonder how Men can be so—Lard, as Nature has made 'em Men, can't they behave themselves Masculine, as I do! Well, nobody can say that black's the White of my Eye yet.

Vap.

Vap. You!—you're a Man.

Bar. I think so—thank you, *Madam.*

Spl. But you are too rough: Cou'd you be polish'd, you'd be brighter, I assure you.

Bar. I'm too masculine, that's the truth on't—Pray, *Madam Vapours*, have you any thing in the *Mississippi-Stock*?

Vap. Not I truly, Sir—I don't care for meddling in State-Affairs—tho I'm a Woman.

Bar. Lard! I admire at that——You must know, *Madam*, that I sav'd three and thirty Shillings out of my last Half-Year's Wages to purchase the Half-Share of a Ticket in the present Lottery; and what do you think? but as sure as you're alive now, it came up a Blank.—T'other Dish, *Madam.*

Spl. No more at present.

Bar. Pray take another. [Bell rings]

Spl. Well, you will force me——Lard! I must run, my Lady rings.

Mel. within] Why *Vapours*! *Vapours*!

Vap. Coming, *Madam*—Dear *Spleen*, excuse me. [Exit.]

Spl. Dear Mrs. *Vapours*, pardon me. [Exit.]

Bar. What, and so they've left me, it seems—What's this? her Sugar—'twill serve me at home: I have a prodigious Fancy to one of those Cups—but she'd miss it, so I shou'd be discover'd; not that I want a Cup, but it looks genteel to have odd things about one; and no Scripture ever declar'd that stealing China or Books was a Sin—And so pray come along with me.



ACT III

SCENE. *a Tavern.*

Lord George and Colonel Lovely, just rising from Dinner.

LdG. **H**ER Health once more, Colonel, and then we'll have done.

Lov. With all my heart, my Lord.

LdG. Charming *Lucinda*, let her live for ever. [*Drinks.*]

Lov. And so you are resolv'd to be a very romantick Lover, with a gallant heroick Spirit overlooking that vulgar Thing call'd Fortune, be content to take the distress'd unknown *Daniel*, with nothing?

LdG. To be just to my Friend, I own I cou'd. What is there more in Wealth, than having the Means to purchase Pleasure; and if I know my Heart, I can have none without her.

Lov. Then this is the lovely Nymph which struck you so at first, and for whom you sigh'd and languish'd.

LdG. 'Tis she indeed.

Lov. And you are passionately in Love after seeing her again?

LdG. If possible, more than I was at first.

Lov. If so, my Lord, then I have done dissuading—
Cur'd Chance, what's to be done?

[*Aside.*]

LdG.

The Pretenders.

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Ld G. You seem uneasy, *Lovely*.

Lov. Only upon your account, my Lord. I'm thinking how *Melissa* will take the News of your being so soon smitten with *Lucinda*.

Ld G. Pshaw! what care I? Because I us'd to toy away an Hour or so with her, cou'd she have the Vanity to think I really lov'd her?

Lov. You have Business enough upon your hands, my Lord. Two Mistresses in one House! Why a Kingdom's not large enough to make Love to two Women at once in, and keep all things quiet. They ought to be like the twin Stars, one never rise, till the other goes to bed.

Ld G. Do you think *Melissa* my Mistress then?

Lov. The Town has complimented you with each other.

Ld G. Tho I own her handsome, and once thought her the most beautiful of her Sex, yet she is not qualified to be a Mistress to any Man of a tolerable Understanding.

Lov. Not qualified! She's a Woman, and very young, I think.

Ld G. A Woman! No, she's a Drum, a Huzza; seldom in an ill-humour, and never in a good one. Rails with Compassion, not Envy; hates Detraction, while she uses it; lyes and raves with a good Conscience, and when she laughs, 'tis more to shew her Teeth, than her Judgment or Pleasure.

Lov. A fine Composition truly!

Ld G. Then she is so prodigiously opinionated of her Wit, that she can't bear any body's but her own. I hate a She-Wit as much as a Fellow that paints himself.

Lov. But for all these Frailties, you endur'd her before you saw *Lucinda*.

Ld G. I endur'd her sometimes, as I am forc'd to do a Hackney-Coach, a Feast in the City, or a Cock-fighting, for Variety and Convenience, tho attended with

36 *Kensington-Gardens; or,*

Noise. Besides, I fancy'd if I cou'd persuade her to hear any thing; she might be brought to hear Reason.

Lov. Unhappy Circumstance! I love *Lucinda*, and my Sister him. How shall I manage this? Well, Time must bring it to perfection: I'll not surprize my Friend with an Account of Affairs, till I bring 'em into a better Posture. [*Afide.*]

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Colonel, Sir *Politick Noodle* gives his Service to you, and if not busy, would be proud to drink a Glass with you.

Lov. With your leave, my Lord, desire him to walk up. He'll divert your amorous Thoughts for a Minute or so; but I can't answer for his being always entertaining.

Ld G. These Taverns are grown intolerable. They will bring Company together, whether a Man is in humour for it or not.

Lov. Pray, my Lord, don't affect Sourness. Men in Love are generally good-humour'd—but if you please, I'll go and make an Excuse.

Ld G. No Occasion for't. I only speak in general Terms: Two or three Men of Wit and Good-nature, can't get together, but as many Fools are suffer'd to spoil their Company, by thrusting themselves into it.

Enter Sir Politick Noodle.

Lov. Sir *Politick*, your Servant. What Wind has blown you to *Kensington*?

Sir P. After I have drank a Glass, I'll tell you, Colonel — Sir, your humble Servant.

Ld G. O your Servant, Sir.

Lov. Come, sit down. Your Health.

Sir P. I thank you, Colonel — Young Gentleman, my Service to you. [*To Ld George.*]

Lov. Well, your Business.

Sir P.

Sir P. Pleasure, Colonel, Pleasure. I have no Business but Pleasure; in the Country I hunt, in Town I intrigue: that is, I intrigue with State-Affairs, those are my Mistresses. But between you and I, I have other Affairs in view; I shall change my Condition after all: a certain rich Lady, of great Fame for Beauty, has brought me hither. But no words, Colonel; you shall dance at my Wedding, may-hap. But mum! Come, drink another Round, 'tis wholesome for Digestion. Besides, I have not had my old Health yet.

Lov. What's that?

Sir P. *Curat Justitia, & fiat Lex*: Let Justice and Justices take place, and the Law have its Course. No News to-day?

Lov. None that I hear.

Ld G. Your Health is a good one both in *Latin* and *English*, Sir *Politick*.

Sir P. You'll all pledge me, I hope. Illo, Illo, Illo!

Lov. Have you lost your Spaniel, or do you call the Country about you when you begin your Healths?

Sir P. Before I strain'd my Voice with talking at Sessions and quarterly Meetings, I cou'd have been heard further than the most gifted Tub-Preacher. But now I only want some Wine. Nothing about the Czar, Colonel?

Lov. Not a Syllable.

Sir P. Strange!

Ld G. Our Drawers are us'd to softer Sounds, as for example —

Sir P. Ah, I cou'd have rung once; it wou'd have made your Hair stand an end. I rung at my own Wedding, and never since.

Lov. How so?

Sir P. Because nothing ever happen'd to me since worth my Ringing for, but when my Wife died, and—(yes, once I rung when the *Tartarians* beat the *Laplanners*) but for my poor Wife, they told me 'twas not decent,

decent, so I was forc'd to comply. But I never had so great a Mind to do any thing in my Life.

Love. You have had Children, I suppose.

Sir P. No, by *Mahomet*, I marry'd an old Woman to get an Estate; I had never been of the Quorum else: and now I design to marry a young one, to get an Heir.

Ld G. If you do marry a young one, I'll answer for your having an Heir.

Sir P. And so you may, Sir: By *Mahomet*, I'm brisk and bonny; I live in the Country as happy as the Grand Signior in his Seraglio; most of the Hedgers, Ditchers, and Hay-makers in our Neighbourhood, are the Fruits of the Loins of *Sir Politick Noodle*, sow'd under Hedges and Hay-cocks. Come, one Health more, the rest shall be yours.

Love. We are ready, Sir.

Sir P. May Magistracy be supported, and Rogues abound?

Love. To what end the last?

Sir P. I bear his Majesty's Commission, 'tis my Business to punish Rogues, and I would willingly have something to do, for the publick Good, and my private Pocket.

[*Aside.*

Ld G. An excellent Magistrate truly! Suppose you liv'd in a Neighbourhood of Thieves and Cut-Throats?

Sir P. With all my heart, Faith; so there were but honest Fellows for Constables; but that's impossible: I wou'd have 'em all ty'd up, till not a Man was left to do Mischief.

Ld G. What, without Proof?

Sir P. Proof! a fig for Proof, my Father, Grandfather, and Great-Grandfather were Justices before me, and no Man ever escap'd hanging that came before them.

Love. Guilty, or not guilty?

Sir

Sir P. The Country loves our Family, and not one Jury in a hundred would acquit a Malefactor that was committed by any of the Family of the Noodles.

Love. Well said, i-faith, Justice.

Sir P. Lord, Sir, ours is a spreading Family, the Law has been in the Hands of the Noodles for some Generations; we have been Judges, and to this day are look'd upon to be the most enobled and most landed in the united Nation. What says *Mississippi*-Stock now?

Love. Nothing to me, Sir *Politick* —

Sir P. Ah, that *Laws* is a rare Fellow! had not I been a Fool, I might have gone over and made a Fortune, as well as others, for I have a notable Head-piece.

Love. Come t'other Glafs.

Sir P. I must not drink any more, Colonel; I must see my Mistress.

Love. Come, to your Mistress's Health then — my Lord.

Ld G. I'll drink this Glafs, and leave you.

Love. Will you go, my Lord?

Ld G. Ay, ay, enjoy your Fool by yourself. I'll take a Walk in the Gardens; you'll meet me by and by.

Exit.

Love. To be sure, my Lord — your Servant — Come, Sir *Politick*, 'tis Wine makes Love; a Man that goes a wooing, had better by half be a Fool, than not half-drunk at least.

Sir P. Ay! why so, Colonel?

Love. I find you are not acquainted with the Temper of the *London-Ladies*. A sober Fellow may whine for her, a swaggering Bully may quarrel for her, a Soldier may fight for her, and a Beau may dress for her; but he that toasts every Letter of her Name in a Bumper, and then goes and tells her so, is the Man that carries the Prize.

Sir P. Say you so? I'll win her then, by Dint of *Supernaculum*; I'll drink these puny *Londoners*, my Rivals,

vals, down, and stride over them like Bodies slain in a Battle, to attack *Lucinda's* Fortrefs. Ho! Wine here.

Love. Lucinda! Does this Fool admire her too! All the World does, I think; yet I can't be uneasy to have such a Fool for a Rival! However I'll make him drunk, and then he may go and make his Addresses. Come *Sir Politick*, *Lucinda's* Health once more.

Sir P. Dear Colonel, I am superlatively oblig'd to you; one Question I've to ask you——May a Man in love take a Chaw of Tobacco?

Love. Oh, by all means; it argues a Sufficiency of radical Moisture, and a Strength of Constitution.

Sir P. Aha! Old Boy, let me kiss thee. By Gingo I am almost tipsey, but take no notice; can't we have a Whore here? But mum, I'm a Magistrate; what of that? we can be as wicked as others when we're private, and no Woman in my Precinct ever commenc'd Strumpet, till I sign'd her Warrant for't.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Captain *Hackit*, Colonel.

Love. Bring him in: now I shall have Sport, I'll set the two Fools together by the Ears.

Enter Hackit.

Hack. Colonel, your humble Servant: Oh, you're busy perhaps

Love. Not at all, Captain: only a Country Gentleman of my Acquaintance, and worth your Knowledge, I assure you, Sir.

Hack. I don't doubt it, Colonel——he wears his Sword with a true military Air, Sir, I am yours down to your Hilt.

Sir P. Sir, I am yours, up to your Collar.

Hack. Does he mean to affront me, Colonel?

Love. No, Captain, a pleasant blunt Gentleman, that's all; he has serv'd the Government, Sir.

Hack.

Hack. Has he? then I honour him. Do you bear any Commission, Sir?

Sir P. Yes, Sir.

Hack. What, Sir?

Sir P. To punish Rogues, Sir, and keep Peace in the Country.

Hack. Is that all, Sir?

Sir P. All, Sir! Yes, Sir—Is it not better to have a Commission to keep Peace, than to have one to break it: Ha, Sir?

Hack. Sir, that's a very Scoundrel Office, for one that has serv'd—My Profession is War.

Sir P. War, Sir, and what then?

Love. He is but a Coward, for all his big Looks: he has a mind to affront you, I believe. *[To Sir P.]*

Sir P. A Coward! then have at him—And pray, Sir, what are you?

Hack. A Captain, Sir.

Sir P. Then I am afraid you are one of those who would cheat the Nation; be for War, and dare not fight.

Hack. Not fight! Zoons, Sir, I have Wounds, here in my Breast, got in my Country's Service——Dare! Hum!

Love. Ask him to shew 'em. *[Aside to Sir P.]*

Sir P. Wounds, Sir, Wounds! let me see 'em, Sir; you may be a Cheat for what I know, and 'tis my Business to examine you.

Hack. See 'em, Sir, the World has seen 'em: I'll oblige no rustical Bumkin, no paultry Ignoramus Jury-man, no Country-Put; besides, I have not put on clean Linen to-day.

Sir P. I believe you are an Impostor.

Hack. An Impostor! thou blind Representer of blind Justice, draw: I an Impostor!

Love. To him, Man; you see his peaceable Weapon sticks in his Scabbard. *[To Sir P.]*

Sir P. Sirrah, I will chastise you as a Gentleman and a Magistrate ought to do; but first I'll drink. Altho I am of Quorum, Sirrah, I can knock a Coxcomb down with as much ease as I can draw a Mitrimus; and so have at you. Here! a Constable, keep the Peace.

[Throws his Hat in his Face, knocks him down, Exit.

Hack. Battles and Sieges, Fire and Vinegar infus'd—I never suffer'd the like Dishonour before. This is the first time I ever went from a bloodless Field.

Love. He us'd you too familiarly indeed, Captain.

Hack. Death! to be baffled by a Hat! Had he thrown his Head at me, I should not wonder. Oh Shame to Arms and Honour!

Love. Come, let's follow him; you must call him to account for this, when he's sober: 'twill brand you with Cowardice, if you put it up, Captain.

Hack. Put it up! No, Colonel; I'll slice him, I'll mince him, and send him up for a Calve's-Head hash'd, the next Sessions, to his Brother Justices of the Quorum. Come, Colonel, I'll make the Boor fall a Sacrifice to my incens'd Honour.

Love. Bravely resolv'd, Captain.

[Exeunt.

SCENE, Lucinda's Apartment.

Spleen sola.

WELL this Lady of mine is very unaccountable in her Conduct, to die for one, and yet refuse so many advantageous Offers; whilst I, who have had an Inclination these three Years, can't have a soft Word said to me. She has no Design to marry any of the Fops, that address her; and I know no Reason, because her Stomach is puny, I must fast, especially when my Appetite is so eager. Here comes the fine Mr. Varnish, one of the Pretenders to her Ladyship; he's a Fool, and I'll humour him; he has a good Estate,
and

The Pretenders.

Act

and cou'd I trick him into a Husband, or snap a good Settlement from him, I should be easy.

Enter Varnish.

Var. Dear Mrs. Spleen, is your Lady visible to-day? May I not make a Tender of my Service to her?

Spl. I can't tell, Sir — she left orders not to be seen, and should I introduce you, it might cost me my Place, for ought I know.

Var. Well, Mrs. Spleen, if it should cost you your Place, here's a Year's Wages for you, till you get another.

Spl. Oh Lord, Sir, I beg your pardon. Stay let me see — Pshaw! what a dull Jade am I; 'twas yesterday she left Directions not to be seen, and I not thinking how time slip't away, forgot a long Night past since. I'll bring her to you immediately.

[Exit.

Var. This Wench, whom by Presents I have made mine, assures me *Lucinda* has Twelve Thousand Pounds, which would make her an Angel, had Nature made her a Fury. She comes! Now *Phœbus* — not the poor Patron of the hungry Poets, but rich *Phœbus*, the Cause and Author of that Metal which is brighter than thyself, inspire me:

So breaks the Sun, thro Clouds that hid his Sight,
And cheers us Mortals with his Heavenly Light.

Enter Lucinda and Spleen.

Luc. You are grown Poetical, Mr. Varnish.

Var. When the charming *Lucinda* is the Theme, she will infuse Wit into the dullest, as she must Love into the coldest Breast.

Luc. Oh, your Servant, sweet Sir; pray have you findy'd any more of these fine Things to entertain me with?

Var. No need of Study, when the Heart is ready to dictate: Love makes Men speak Sense, who never spoke it before; and he that gazes on your conquering Eyes, must grow eloquent in spite of Nature.

Luc. What must I say? Have you brought my Part in Writing? give it me; I see you are perfect in yours.

Var. How happy should I be, if Love would inspire you to answer, as it does me to speak!

Luc. Or are you Gentlemen of the Temple going to act a Play for your Diversion; perhaps you're at Rehearsal now. I assure you, Sir, I am no Judge.

Var. Madam, I speak out of the Abundance of a Heart that languisheth for you. Let not my serious Passion become your Jest and Scorn.

Luc. Ha, ha, ha! Admirable! Is it a Comedy, or a Tragedy? Hitherto 'tis pitiful, 'tis wondrous pitiful.

Var. Could I but move your Pity, I were happy?

Luc. D'ye shew to-night? Are any Women admitted? if so, I'd beg a Ticket of you, if I thought I had Interest enough.

Var. Heavens, Madam, d'ye take me for a Stage-Player!

Luc. No, Sir I only take you for an Actor, a well-bred Gentleman, that loves to amuse himself with out-of-the-way Recreations, to shew the World he is capable of more than he professes.

Var. Confusion! what does she mean? — Lord Madam, I act no Part but that of a sincere Heart-wounded Lover.

Luc. Ay, to be sure; and you must carry your Mistress in the last Act, if 'tis a Comedy; or be sent to the Elysian Shades, by Poison, Sword or Dagger, if a Tragedy.

Var. Lord ha' mercy upon me! I lent to the *Egyptian* Shades!

Luc. Why not? tis many a tall *Buskineer's* Fate. But you, I hope, will meet a better; marry, and have a *Country-Dance*.

Var. What does she mean? She's extremely ignorant — [*Aside.*] — Madam, I beg of you to look upon me, and believe me to be the sincerest Lover.

Luc. Pray, Sir, rise; don't kneel to me, I'm no Goddess.

Var. You are mine, the sole Disposer of my Fate.

Luc. Not I, I assure you, Sir; nor of my own neither: That particularly compels me to leave you thus abruptly, till you are in a Humour to be more intelligible. [*Exit.*]

Var. Now, Mrs. *Spleen*, your Advice, or all is lost.

Spl. Pshaw! never be cast down, Sir; she's your own, I tell you, and shall be before Night. She was almost at the end of her Repartee; 'twas that made her retire, no Disrespect to you! An Hour or two hence ply her again, I'll give you an Opportunity.

Var. A more favourable one, Stars, I beseech you. [*Exit.*]

Enter Lucinda.

Luc. Ha! ha! Is he gone, *Spleen*? We have had here what they call Comedy in *Buskins*.

Spl. If I may speak truly, Madam, you have been too severe. The Gentleman loves you, and in such a Case you must allow for a little passionate Nonsense.

Luc. Loves me! loves my Fortune! I suppose he has suck'd in the common Report, and kneels to the Adorable Thousands, and not to me.

Spl. I assure you, Madam, I undeceiv'd him in that. He doats on the Excellency of your Person only.

Luc.

Kenfington-Gardens; or,

Luc. Could I be well assur'd of it, 'twould take off a little of his Follies. We seldom think that Man a Fool, who admires for Love alone. But does he really love me?

Spl. Can you doubt it, Madam? He has the Reputation to be a Man of Sense; and I think 'tis hard in our Sex, first to make a Man a Fool, and then despise him for it.

Luc. Well, I'll consider of him.

Spl. So, it works! I think I have earn'd my Fee. Mr. Varnish bids the farthest yet; and as it is the Maid's Perquisite to make Sale of her Mistress, mine shall go to the best Bidder. *[Exit.*

Enter Lady Jane.

L. Jane. What! pensive, *Lucinda*! Or are you casting up the Account of your Lovers, to see which bears the greatest Price?

Luc. I was thinking of what at once vexes and pleases me. I had singled my Deer, and was preparing the Toil, but I suspect he will prove but a rascally one.

L. Jane. Then let him go, and rouse another.

Luc. Let me ask you one Question: Which wou'd you prefer for a Husband? A Lover without Wit, or a Wit without Love?

L. Jane. That's readily answer'd. The easy Civility and Complaisance which a well-bred Man can never be without, is vastly more agreeable than the nauseous Fondness of a Fool.

Luc. Your Notion is very good, my Dear: I shall take my Measures from you.

[Sir P. within] I tell you, Mrs. Pin-Rump, I will come in Undress'd, and in her Chamber, quotha! what if she were a-bed, 'twou'd be the properest Place to make Love in, I think.

Enter

The Pretenders

Enter Sir Politick, pushing in Spleen.

Luc. What means this Uproar?

Sir P. Madam, I kiss your white Hands; this ill-bred Hussy would have debarred you of that Honour.

L. Jane. What a mighty Preferment your Maid had like to have lost you!

Sir P. I come, Madam, to offer you a Heart and Hand both hard, firm, and sound as an Acorn. I am none of the wishey-washey *Londoners*, Pale-Complexion'd, Puny-Stomach'd, and Pocky-Bodied: I am no Beau, Madam.

Luc. I perceive you are not. What then, Sir?

Sir P. Why then, Madam, I've a Body untouch'd by the Surgeons, and an Estate unmortgag'd by the Scriveners; and I lay 'em both at your Angelical Feet.

Luc. And what wou'd you have me do with 'em?

Sir P. In few words, Madam, I tender my self, and all I have, to your fair Acceptance; if you please to take me as I am, you'll find there is not on this side the Globe a Man so much your obsequious humble Servant, as *Sir Politick Noodle*, Justice of the *Quorum*, of *Noodle-Hall*, in *Dorsetshire*.

Luc. I find you're a Man of Business and Dispatch, by your coming so directly to the point: But this is a serious Matter. What Testimony do you give me of your Love?

Sir P. Testimony! I suppose you mean Evidence.

Luc. Ay, Sir,

Sir P. Why, Madam, I have made my self almost tipsy in toasting your Health, and knock'd a Fellow down

down for being saucy to me. I have staid three Days longer than I shou'd have done in this cursed Town, in hopes of carrying you down with me into the Country.

Luc. And how must I spend my Time when I'm there?

Sir P. O! very divertingly. When I hunt, which is not above three times a week, you may see that the Cook gets Dinner in order against my coming home. When I hear Complaints, you may behold with what Wisdom the Nation is govern'd: On Sundays you may go to Church, whilst I sleep upon the Couch; and on other Days you may employ yourself in making Salves and Cordials for the Good of the Parish. And if I stay abroad all day, which will be only at Justices Meetings, you may send for the Parson, or his Wife, to keep you Company. The Parson is rare Company: He reads my News-Papers to me, draws up my Mittimus's, taps my *March-Beer*, and serves me in a double Capacity, as Butler and Chaplain.

Luc. Well, but what must I do when you drink? I suppose you drink sometimes?

Sir P. Oh, we'll find you Employment. You shall keep the Keys of my Cellar, for I'll discharge *Domine*; and take care the Servants don't embezzle my *October*.

Luc. An admirable Life, I protest!

Sir P. Then when you go to Church, the whole Congregation shall pay their Respects; you shall have a Servant to carry your Books for you, and you shall sit in my great Pew, over-against the Pulpit: If the Sermon happens to be tedious, as now and then such a thing may be, I'll allow you to take a Nap, and wink at it, which is more than I grant any body, except myself, and honest *Hopkins* the Clerk.

Luc. Very civil, I protest— I will confider of it— I shall be very fond of being call'd Lady *Noodle*— And likewise take great Delight in the Way of Living you so elegantly describe: But 'till I can qualifie my self for so great a Trust, as the Charge of your Cellar, I earnestly desire you would keep the Key of it your self.— And so, Sir, Your Friend and Servant. Will you walk, Lady *Jane*? Ha, ha, ha! [Exit.

Sir Pol. Hah! Gone! This is a right *London Trick*— But 'tis all one; here's her *Curling-Iron* left behind, and she shall serve my Turn, at present— Come, Mrs. *Twistlock*, let you and I be familiar.

Spleen. Familiar! Sir.

Sir Pol. Ay, Child — Your Mistress is a wanton jilting Baggage, and thou art a plump pretty Rogue, worth Forty of her— Come, be kind.

Spleen. Kind! Sir — Lord, I don't know what you mean.

Sir Pol. How! Above Twelve Years old, and not know what I mean! You lye, You lye, I tell you — Come, buss then, and I'll tell you what I mean.

Spleen. Lord, Sir, I dare not — My Lady will see me, and she'd never forgive me— For, I am sure she loves you.

Sir Pol. Does she?

Spleen. 'Tis true, indeed, Sir; I heard her speak as much — Enquire for me about Two Hours hence, and you shall know more.

Sir Pol. Tantarara! Hey Boys! And wilt thou get her for me?

Spleen. Depend upon't, I will, follow but my Directions.— Away, here's Company coming!

Sir Pol. I fly, as 'twere to a Fox-Chace.— Hlo, Hlo, Hlo! [Exit.

Spleen. This Fool will fit me. — So would Mr. *Varnish*. 'Tis hard, if among so many as must be refus'd, I can't pick up a Fortune.— I see no Reason why a Waiting-Woman is not as lawful an Inheritrix to her Lady's cast Lovers, as to her cast Cloaths.

Enter Bardach.

Bard. Hah ! Mrs. *Spleen* here ! — This is lucky : I am furnish'd with my Instructions ; now to put 'em in Execution. — Madam, Your Humble Servant.

Spleen. Sweet Sir, Yours.

Bard. You'll pardon me, I hope, for my Intrusion — But 'tis with no other Design, than to inquire, Whether my Lord be here ?

Spleen. Not at present, Sir, I assure you.

Bard. Nor Colonel *Lovely*, Madam ?

Spleen. Neither.

Bard. Humph ! 'Tis odd. Lord, I don't know what to say next. — Oh ! — Pray, Madam, will you take a Pinch of my Snuff ?

Spleen. 'Tis very fine, indeed.

Bard. The very same my Lord takes. — It cost Two Guineas an Ounce. — But the Box was given me by a young Lady.

Spleen. A young Lady !

Bard. Ay ; she desired me to wear the Trifle for her sake ; and, you see, I love to obey the Commands of the Fair.

Spleen. You are perfectly obliging.

Bard. O dear, Madam ! — These are very fine Lodgings ! — Lard, that's delightful *China* ! — I can never persuade my Lord to buy any. 'Tis the finest Furniture, I think, in the World. — Dear me ! Your Apron is exceeding pretty ! Pray, Madam, is it your own Work ?

Spleen. No indeed, Sir. 'Twas given me by a young Gentleman.

Bard. A young Gentleman ! I warrant, a pretty young Gentleman, if his Person be as agreeable as his Fancy.

Spleen. Yes, I assure you ; and 'twas all his own Work too.

Bard.

Bard. His own Work ! Well, I vow and swear now, I thought so. — I have nothing about me that's my own Work, except this Trifle of a Cravat. — Oh, I lye, my Face is intirely my own Work ; my Morning's Work too.

Spleen. You make your own Linnen, I presume ?

Bard. My own Linnen ! — Yes, indeed do I ; — and my own Chocolate, and my Pearl-powder, and my own Sweet Bags : — Lord, I can do any thing !

Spleen. You are finely accomplish'd.

Bard. Accomplish'd ! Yes, I think I am. I han't liv'd in so many Families, but I know how to behave my self ; and for all I wear a Livery, I am intimately acquainted with some of the First Quality.

Spleen. Your Education has been Liberal, I see.

Bard. My Education ! — Why, Madam, I can sing all the Opera Songs.

Spleen. Which you learned in the Upper Gallery.

Bard. Upper Gallery ! No, Madam — I can't bear it ; there's so much Noise and Nonsense. My Lord never requires my waiting on him to the Play ; so I dress my self in other Cloaths, and go to the New-House, where I take the Liberty of the Scenes, strut, give my self an insolent Air, pay nothing, and so pass for a young Rake of Quality.

Spleen. You Dance too, I presume ?

Bard. Eternally ! — No Masquerade can escape me. I have danc'd a Minuet with a Lady, a Rigadoon with a Countess, and hopp'd about in Country-Dances, with Lords and Whores, Attorneys and Quakers, Dutchesss and Fishmongers, Cuckolds and Aldermen Wives.

Spleen. You lead a pleasanter Life than most.

Bard. In my Opinion, not. Who can bear Confinement ? Which every Servant must endure. Then, Never to have the Mastership of one's own Time ! — Well, 'tis an unspeakable Torture, to serve a young Rake, who thinks of nothing but his Mistress ; eternally writing when absent ; and sending a Body about, like a Penny-Post Man, loaded with Bundles of ill-spelt

Epistles. — Why, I am this Minute employ'd upon that very score.

Spleen. Ay! To who?

Bard. Excuse me there, Madam: — I must keep my Lord's Secrets.

Spleen. From the Knowledge of the World, I grant you; — But —

Bard. Not every Body's. — 'Tis true, my Lord is lewd; but, the Colonel is ten times worse: He forced a Letter upon me a while ago, to deliver to a certain Person who lodges in this House. — I fear I shall lose the Opportunity of delivering it. Will you excuse me, Madam?

[Putting up his Snuff-box, drops a Letter purposely.]

Spleen. Dear Sir, no Apology.

Bard. Another Time I shall extend my Visit to a longer Duration.

Spleen. When you please, Sir.

Bard. Nay, I swear, you shan't stir a Step farther.

Spleen. Pray permit —

Bard. By Vails and Perquisites, I won't allow it, Madam.

Spleen. By Pimping, but you shall.

Bard. Nay then; — No farther now, I beseech you.

Spleen. Your Humble Servant.

Bard. Yours, Madam, to the Verge of Humility.

[Exit.]

Spleen. Coxcomb with a Vengeance! — I thought Servants laid Claim to nothing but cast Cloaths; but now, I perceive, they assume their Masters Follies, and are as well known by Them, as their Masters Livery.

— What's here? A Letter! — To Melissa! — This is lucky! The Fool has drop'd this, and gone without his Errand. I'll carry it in to my Lady: Her Curiosity will make her open it. — On the dear Pleasure of knowing other Peoples Secrets!

[Exit.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Lucinda's Apartment.

Lucinda, Lady Jane, and Spleen.

Luc. YOU see, Lady Jane, what these Men are! There is no such Thing as Truth and Honour amongst 'em. 'Tis some Comfort, my Heart is not so far gone, but I can reclaim it.

Lady Jane. I can't believe my Brother guilty of such a Weakness: Not but I am inclinable to have an indifferent Opinion of the Sex, as you are. But as for any Conversation with that She-*Explicatist*, he has left me wholly unacquainted with it.

Luc. If his Inclinations lead him there, let him enjoy 'em happily. — Yet, there was no Necessity to make me his Property: To expose me to that little, malicious, censorious Creature. I could have forgiven his Falshood with any Body but her.

Lady Jane. How can you tell, but 'tis some Contrivance of hers? — She's envious enough.

Luc. Contrivance! Why, 'tis here under his Hand. — Hum! — *My Heart ever Yours.* — Hum! — *Lucinda's tasteless Conversation.* — *Your devoted Admirer, Lovely.* — So I am his Property, it seems! A mere Utensil, to whet his blunted Imagination upon. — Monster of Deceit and Falshood!

Lady Jane. If he proves innocent, what Joy 'twill give him, when he knows the Concern you have express'd at the Thoughts of losing him,

Luc.

Luc. Had my Heart been pawn'd to the Dissembler,
I could scarce have born it ; but as I am free, I smile,
and despise this Treachery.

Lad. Jane. I dare swear, he's as innocent —

Luc. As the rest of his mercenary Sex. — I once
thought, if ever there was such a Thing as Love without
Interest, the Colonel was possessed of it : — But now
I find I am deceiv'd.

Lad. Jan. I'll send to him ; he shall come and plead
his Innocence.

Luc. No Occasion, Lady *Jane* ; — I'm resolv'd not
to see him.

Lad. Jane. That's ungenerous, to condemn him un-
heard.

Luc. He will but lure me back to past Follies ; —
that when I am intirely in his Power, he may use me ill
again. No, 'tis pretty well as 'tis.

Lad. Jane. You'll excuse me, if I am impatient to set
this Matter right. I'll take my Leave, and try to find
my Brother. — Pray, my Dear, consider well, before
you make any rash Resolution. — I trust you to your
own Conduct, which, I hope, you are so much Mistress
of, as not by any Indiscretion, to suffer it to be call'd in
Question. Farewell. [Exit.]

Luc. I'll find out this Treachery, or else my Female
Attire have all forsaken me. — Love, Anger, and Re-
venge inspire me ! — Spleen !

Spleen. Madam.

Luc. Have you brought down my Riding-Habit ?

Spleen. Yes, Madam.

Luc. Can you procure me a Pair of Breeches ?

Spleen. Breeches ! Madam.

Luc. Ay, Fool.

Spleen. Lord, would you wear them before you're
marry'd ?

Luc. Don't be impertinent.

Spleen. Such Things may be had, Madam ; — but
to what purpose ?

The Pretenders.

55

Luc. Leave Enquiry, Fool; and come in with me; and tell every Body that asks, I am gone to *London*. — If you are false, my Colonel, I shall detest you. — This 'tis to deal with Men of Wit and Pleasure!

*Oh why are Truth and Honesty confin'd
To the dull, heavy, and unthinking Mind! —
Oh why should Wit make the Heart prone to change,
And, like it self, o'er the Creation range!
Could Sense and Truth in the same Breast abide,
Great were the Prize, and happy were the Bride.*

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene changes to the GARDENS.

Colonel Lovely and Lord George meeting.

L. Geor. **O**H! You're come at last. — I thought you had forgot me. You seem'd highly delighted with your Fool; how did you dispose of him?

Col. To my intire Satisfaction: After you went away, in came *Hackit*, and the Justice and He not liking each other, I improved the Hint, and set them a quarrelling.

L. Geor. How did it end?

Col. Pleasantly enough: — The Justice not understanding a Sword, would not bring it to a fair Tilt; but, with artful Magnanimity, threw his Hat in the Captain's Face, run out of the Room, and call'd for a Constable to keep the Peace.

L. Geor.

56 *Kensington-Gardens; or,*

L. Geor. Did not the Captain follow?

Col. No; — He loves that prudent Maxim, of building a Bridge of Gold for his Enemy to retreat upon; But vows, he'll call him to account for it, whenever he sees him again.

L. Geor. Well; let them quarrel or agree as they will, I care not. — Prithee, tell me, *Lovely*, what shall I do? This Plague, *Adalissa*, still teazes me with her Love, and *Lucinda* with her Disdain. Between them both, I find my self really unhappy.

Col. Is your Heart a Captive still, my Lord?

L. Geor. As much as ever. — I have Reason to suspect, *Lucinda* is not in those indifferent Circumstances she would have us believe: How then could she refuse the Offers I have made her?

Col. Were they Honourable?

L. Geor. Not much of that.

Col. I dare swear, my Lord, she'll do nothing without Matrimony.

L. Geor. 'Tis Time enough to offer that, when all other Remedies fail.

Col. You told me, I think, you could swallow the Pill.

L. Geor. Ay, — But the cursed Restraint which we Heirs to Titles and Estates, lie under, makes me recollect myself. — Not, that I value Fortune — But —

Col. Your Reputation?

L. Geor. Yes, and the Frowns of the old Peer; — Who is this Moment negotiating an Affair of Marriage between me and an Earl's Daughter, as he acquaints me; but who she is, he'll not inform me yet.

Col. Aside.] Ah! poor Sister! She must love no more I find: — If *Lucinda* should know this, you'd be undone there.

L. Geor. And *Melissa* will take care to spread it every where. — I wish I could find some way to take her off her Fondness. — I have done all I could by ill Usage; but,

but, instead of that, Spaniel-like, the worse she's us'd, the more she loves me.

Col. If you apprehend any Danger from that Quarter, 'twere best to dislodge the Enemy in Time.

L. Geor. What do you mean?

Col. Get her dispos'd of.

L. Geor. Impossible: No Man will be troubled with her, that's in any Condition to pretend to her.

Col. Why, she's a Fortune; and, you know, 'tis not unusual in this Age, for a Man to marry a good Estate, let the Woman be what she will.

L. Geor. Do you know any Body to recommend there? I'll give them Credentials.

Col. Let me consider: — I have a Spark in my Eye, who never fails being at *Kensington* every *Sunday Evening*: — 'Tis not unlikely, but he's in the Gardens now: When you see him you'll be of my Opinion in believing he's the only Person can do your Business.

L. Geo. Prithee, Who is he?

Col. Why, he's an uncouth Mixture of Impudence and Bashfulness: His Conversation with Men is impertinent, and officiously familiar; with Women boyishly shamefac'd. He is silent 'till he thinks he is well acquainted, and then a Larum is as easily stopp'd in his Tongue.

L. Geo. I suppose like that, fit for nothing but to make a Noise, and keep People awake.

Col. Then he's always boasting of Ladies Favours, and his Conquests over the Fair of the first Rank; when bring but a Chambermaid to him, he looks down, and blushes, and is as silent as a Heathen Oracle.

L. Geo. How came you to know him?

Col. From being frequently in the Side-Box, and making a handsome Figure there; he can easily introduce himself: A Pinch of Snuff does it at any Time.

L. Geo. And what is this worthy Person's Name?

Col. Sir *Vanity Halfwit*. — Hold, I think I see him. 'Tis he, faith. — Now, my Lord —

Enter

Enter Sir Vanity Halfwit.

Sir Van. Dear Colonel — I fly with the Wings of Desire to embrace you. — Sir, I'm your obedient, humble Servant. — A Friend of yours, Colonel?

Col. His Merit may give him that Title with any Man of Honour: — But he has another to be known to every Body by, Lord *George Bellmour*.

Sir Van. A Lord! Heavens! How I adore Quality! He's a pretty Gentleman, Faith; and of good Sense too, any one may see that, by his Fancy in his Cloaths. — My Lord, I'm your humble Servant. — Dear Colonel, upon my Honour, I love thee better than any Man in *England*. — I think I should not lye, if I said Woman too.

Col. Were that true, many a Fair One's Heart would break.

Sir Vanity. Ha! What do you mean?

Col. The Ladies, Sir, the Ladies. — Would it not grieve the pretty Souls of 'em, to see their beloved *Sir Vanity's* wonted Ardour, and Raptures of Love, dwindled into the insipid, cold Friendship of a Male Conversation?

Sir Vanity. The poor Fools wou'd be a little jealous, that's the Truth of it; and there's the Torment. There is not one Woman's Heart in the Universe worth keeping. If they would lend us that Trifle for a while, and receive it thankfully again when we have done with it, the making Love wou'd be a pretty Amusement. — But — (Scurf and Pimples overtake them for their Unreasonableness) if ever they part with that Bawble, they expect a Man's whole Body should be at their Service as long as he lives for it.

L. Geo. So far, I think, he's in the right of it.

Col. There's no Man has been more sensible of that Inconvenience than your self. — One so universally be-
belo-

beloved by the Fair Sex can never do Justice, or Reason, to them all,

Sir Van, Impossible: If a Man had an hundred Hearts, and Bodies too, he could never lay in a Fund of Love large enough to satisfy them all. — They draw faster upon a Man than Merchants when they have a Mind to break one another.

L. Geo. I'll warrant, you have found it as difficult to be disengaged from an old Mistress, as to get a new one.

Sir Van. Five hundred Times more, my Lord, as I am a Servant to Beauty. — And then the Plague of all Plagues is to be so importun'd as I am: — They know I am good-natur'd, and so I am teaz'd every Day with Letters, Messages, and Waiting-women, more than a great Court Favourite with Supplicants, when a Place is fallen.

Col. Why don't you give over the Pursuit, if you find it so troublesome?

Sir Van. Why, the Reason is, that all the Trouble in the World can't make me forget that I am Flesh and Blood. — And besides, if I were surfeited it would not spoil my Stomach, so as never to eat again: Or if an hundred Men invited me to Dinner, would it be any tolerable Reason that I should fast altogether, because I can't dine with them all?

L. Geo. That would be hard indeed.

Sir Van. And more than all this (Lord, you don't know me, I find) I never pursue any Woman more than for a little Gallantry, and so forth.

L. Geo. No!

Sir Van. No, indeed. — The Reputation of being thought a mighty Woman's Man, is sufficient to recommend one to the whole Sex, without any other Qualification.

L. Geo. But you have had the last Favour from some of them.

Sir Van. To be sure: — And every Woman's haunch is like a Decoy-Duck; she'll be sure to bring others

others into the same Snare.— That's the Reason I have so many.

L. Geo. You're a happy Man.

Sir Van. Why, my Lord, I broke through the passionate Intreaties of no less than Five, to steal out this Afternoon.

L. Geo. How ! Five !

Sir Van. Two of them were Countesses ; Two Baronet's Ladies ; the fifth, indeed, is but an Esquire's Wife, but her Husband has been formerly Knight of the Shire he lives in.

Col. I find you have altered your Game :— Virgins us'd to be the Mark, and the poor Wives despis'd. But I see you are growing merciful, and will let them come in for their Share.

Sir Van. 'Tis all one.— Of those Virgins you speak of, not one in Forty had her Maidenhead.— And they were twice the Trouble of the Wives. Now a Maid, that is, I mean, a single Woman, expects such swearing, protesting, and lying, before she will yield, that a Man may not only damn his Soul, but spoil his Constitution too.— Besides signing, perhaps, some preliminary Articles, about covering the Shame, and providing for the Fruit. Now, Sir, a Wife has no more to do than to consult her Pleasure ; and if any Thing comes of it, it never wants an Owner you know.

Col. You love as little Pains in your Amours as possible.

Sir Van. I'll shew you a Letter or two now ;— O Lord, I believe I left 'em in my other Waistcoat Pocket.— I wou'd only have shewn you the Scile of a Woman or two of Quality, in Love.

Col. Why, have they any Thing peculiar from other Women.

Sir Van. In their Writing :— But for any Thing else, Colonel, not that.— I promise you.

L. Geo. What Degree of Ladies is so happy, to be in your real Esteem ?

Sir Van. I'll shew you a Letter or two now ;— O Lord, I believe I left 'em in my other Waistcoat Pocket.— I wou'd only have shewn you the Scile of a Woman or two of Quality, in Love.

Sir

Sir Van. O the Citizens Wives : They pay best.

L. Geo. Is that any Article in making Love ?

Sir Van. A grand one : For though, perhaps, I am not mercenary, yet there's a double Delight, in enjoying a fine Woman, and, at the same Time, breaking her Husband.—— 'Tis all the Mode, my Lord : Don't you know that ?

L. Geo. Not I.

Col. I see some Ladies coming full Sail upon us, let's attack them.

Sir Van. Not for the World, Colonel.—— Lard ! wou'd you expose me ?

Col. Perhaps you know 'em ;—— they're dress'd like Citizens Wives.

Sir Van. For that Reason I'd avoid them.—— No, I'll take a Turn down t'other Walk, and meet you again ; I hope we shall sup together. My Lord, your humble Servant. [Exit.

Col. I knew he would not meet them.—— The bragging Rascal durst no more speak to a Woman he does not know, than grapple with a Lion.—— The Fellow never receiv'd a Favour from any Woman above the Degree of a Chamber-maid. There are abundance of such Coxcombs, who boast of Amours and Duels, that had never the Courage to draw a Weapon in either Affair. Now, I fancy these Two Impertinents, *Melissa* and *He*, may be brought together.

obL. Geor. How ?

Col. Let each of them be persuaded of the other's Love, and I warrant it takes. Both will be fond of the Conquest, and yet surrender to each other at first Meeting.

L. Geor. I'd give a Hundred Guineas to have the Match made. They are only fit for one another.

Col. And here comes my noble Captain *Hack*, who loves Mischief, and has nothing to do : Let's employ him to prevail upon the Knight.

Enter Captain Hackit.

Hack. Gentlemen, Your Humble Servant. — You're busy, perhaps, and I intrude.

Col. We are talking of nothing, but what you may share in, Captain. We were only consulting, in what manner a Man might make a handsome Present, without affronting the Person 'tis to be offer'd to.

Hack. What is the Present ?

Col. An Hundred Guineas.

Hack. Pshaw ! — Nobody will take it ill, — Have you liv'd Twenty five Years in the World, and know no better, Colonel ?

L. Geor. Ay, Captain, but there are some Things to be done, in order to merit it.

Hack. Zounds, 'twill make a Man do any thing, — but be honest.

L. Geor. Now, if you have a mind to do your self, or me a Kindness —

Hack. Name it, and prove my Readiness, my Lord.

L. Geor. Nay, 'twill oblige you too ; — I know you love a Piece of ingenious Mischief.

Hack. As I love my Eyes ; especially, if it be of my own contriving.

L. Geor. The Contrivance shall be Yours, and the Execution too. — You know Sir *Vanity Hallowit* ?

Hack. Who ! Sir *Bragadochio* ? Yes, I think I do know him. — I have had a Thought this Twelve-month, to write a Play, and make him my chief Character.

Col. There is a Lady too, whose Character has not escap'd your Notice, — *Melissa*, I mean.

Hack. Well — I know her too.

L. Geor. 'T would be of some Use to my Affairs, if this peerless Pair were join'd together ; but 'twill be difficult to effect it, unless you could add to his Tongue, what she could very well spare of hers : For he never spoke

spoke to any Woman, and she never heard any body but her self.

Col. But if you could find a Way to open his Mouth, and her Ears. —

Hack. I know but one — Gag her, and make him drunk.

Col. I'll shew you then a better, which, with your Improvement, may work the Wonder.

Hack. If it lies in the Compass of Wit, I'll draught mine to the very Dregs, but I'll do it. — I know, 'twill prove a perpetual Plague to 'em both; and therefore I'll do my best to bring it about. Propose the Means.

Col. Let's down Pother Walk: Here's Company coming this Way.

[*Exeunt.*]

Several People passing over the Stage; among 'em Smart, Dapper, and others.

Smart. JACK, Dost see that Girl? How do you like her?

Dap. Well enough for a Taylor's Daughter: She never was beyond *Grays-Inn-Walks* before. — Hold, I lye; she made an Elopement once to *Somerset Gardens*.

Smart. Such vulgar Toads frighten away the Quality from this Place; and I think every Person here, of both Sexes, are Cheats, like you and I; therefore, let's away.

Dap. Ay, with all my Heart. — Let's bilk the Coach, and walk to the Cyder-Cellar.

Smart. Content. — This long Vacation can't afford us Coach-Hire. I think we ought to be thrifty, and having clean Linnen, and Six-pence now and then to see the Two last Acts.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir Vanity.

Sir Van. Well, — I find, 'tis much easier to gain the Reputation of having a fine Woman, than to get the Woman herself. — I am so foolishly shamefac'd, that I can't speak to any of Condition: But then, to make me Amends, I have Confidence enough to boast of an Intimacy with a Hundred behind their Backs. — The Tempter will let no Man want Pleasure, I see: 'Tis some Men's to Do, mine to Talk; and as many a tall Fellow in Red, has got the Character of being a Soldier, by prating aptly of Battles and Sieges he never was at; so I, that of enjoying many a Beauty, I never convers'd with

Enter Captain Hackit.

Hack. *Sir Vanity*, Your humble Servant.

Sir Van. Captain, I am Yours.

Hack. What, were you meditating, contriving, laying the Scene? Ha! — What Man of Figure is to commence Cuckold to Night? Come, unbosom to your Friend. I know you have a world of such Business upon your Hands.

Sir Van. Who, I? No, faith, the least of any Man.

Hack. Pho, prithee do'nt be modest: For every body knows, you are a great Dealer in Amours, and destroy more Maidenheads than the Grand Seignior.

Sir Van. I am every Body's humble Servant: But the good-natur'd World will talk more of a Man than he deserves; at this Time I have no such Affair, I assure you.

Hack. Impossible: What do you here then, in this grand Place of Intrigue, where only Love-Designs are form'd? I'll engage there's more Fornication contriv'd here, than there is cheating in the City, or supplanting at Court.

Sir Van. Indeed!

Hack.

The Pretenders

Hack. "Here Love takes Stand, and while he charges

"Empties his Quiver on the listening Deer." (the Bar, *Waller.*

Sir Van. You repeat well: — But I hope those Verses are none of your own, Captain.

Hack. Why so?

Sir Van. They relish too much of the Wit of those beggarly Scoundrels, the Poets; and they have too much Thought in them, to be the Offspring of a Gentleman's Brain.

Hack. Zoons! wou'd not you have a Gentleman write Sense.

Sir Van. Truly, in my Opinion, that's as much as he ought to do: A Man of Figure may be the Author of a few pretty Things; but to have a great deal in them looks — I don't know how; — but as if one had studied to make a Trade, and get one's Livelihood by it.

Hack. Faith, I admire you, for that Notion. — But mayn't a Man of Figure write Verses, for his own Amusement?

Sir Van. Yes, so as the World does not suspect him for being a Poet. — So he may comb his Wig sometimes, I hope, without putting on the Air of a Barber.

Hack. In a Lady's Anti-chamber, or so. Ha! but is your Notion the same of all other Parts of Literature.

Sir Van. Within a Trifle; the very same. I wou'd have a Man of Quality be able to read a Play, write a Billet, and not be puzzled at a hard Word that has an Affinity with the *Latin*. — For the rest, I think I know the World and the Ladies; to be skill'd in fencing, Equippages and Balls, Tea-Tables and Chocolate-houses, are Points of Learning, more useful to a Man of Two thousand Pounds a Year, than all the *Greek* and *Latin* in the Universe.

Hack. I wonder at your Aversion to Letters, if you were brought up at the University.

Sir Van. Ah! don't name it — filthy, hideous Place! I was but one Year there, and had like to be spunged.

Hack. By ill Company, perhaps?

Sir Van. The worst in the World. — I was much happier at *Eaton*, though in constant Danger of flogging every Day: There I conversed according to my Taste: but at the University I knew none but the old-fashioned Fathers of *Greece* and *Rome*, Doctors, and Proctors. — I never saw a Woman all the while, above the Rank of my Mercer, or Taylor's Daughter.

Hack. But you had other Mistresses to court there, the Liberal Arts.

Sir Van. Ay, Deuce take 'em, I cou'd never love 'em. I was up to the Ears in Moods, and Figures, and Predicaments, and such crabbed Stuff, as was enough to corrupt the Elegance of my Speech for ever. — And then, the horrid Barbarism of that Place, in Point of Dress. I was snubb'd once, for half an Hour together, by an old Fellow in Office, and what do you think 'twas for?

Hack. For getting drunk, perhaps.

Sir Van. Phaw, No. — A Man, when drunk, is safe there: Were he sober, indeed, he might be taken Notice of. But what do you think now 'twas for?

Hack. I can't tell.

Sir Van. Only for wearing red Stockings, as I'm a Baronet; which the pedantic Blockhead term'd foppish. And so I was forc'd to strip my Legs of the politest Ornament belonging to a Gentleman.

Hack. That, indeed, was hard; very hard.

Sir Van. But then there is another intolerable Thing, being forc'd to wear a daggled Gown, like a Law-Student in Term-time, spitefully contriv'd to hide a good Shape, and fine Cloaths. — But if ever I come into the House, as I certainly shall, I'll move for a Bill to regulate these Enormities, and introduce French Dancing, Italian Singing, Masquerading, Riding the great Horse, and other polite Diversions, for the usual Exercise of young Men of Quality; with Leave to wear long Wigs and Swords, Hats and Feathers, and particularly Scarlet Stockings. — Why they dress as they please at foreign Universities.

Hack. Well—Thanks to your good Gen^l, you dropp'd all the Scholar with your Gen^l, and brought away none but Gentle Accomplishments.

Sir Van. Ay, ay, I came away in good Time, before old *Aristotle* had transform'd me from a Gentleman into a Bookish Clown; and ever since have studied the Ladies, Captain, the Ladies.

Hack. There you are a Professor.—I know one that longs to have you turn her over.

Sir Van. Me?

Hack. Yes.—But I told her 'twas in vain.—Do you think, said I, that *Sir Vanity*, who commands all Honours, will be enslav'd to one, and marry?

Sir Van. Marry?

Hack. Poor Soul! she loves you desperately.—But then she is so modest, she'll die, e'er she'd yield to any unlawful Joys.

Sir Van. Is she Handsome?

Hack. An Angel.

Sir Van. Of a good Family?

Hack. A very Honourable one.

Sir Van. And a Fortune?

Hack. Ten thousand Pounds in Possession.

Sir Van. And loves me?

Hack. Dies for you.

Sir Van. Well!—I vow, I begin to be weary of a general Chase after the whole Sex, and could be contented to settle and reform.

Hack. You'll be exceeding happy in her.—I'll introduce you.

Sir Van. Ay but, Captain, how shall I behave to her? I don't know her.

Hack. Prithee, leave that to me. Meet me about an Hour hence in the Square.

Sir Van. Lord, this is an odd Piece of Business I am going about!—But you tell me, she's dying for me, so I consider no further. Dear Captain, Adieu.

Hack. Adieu, Coxcomb. But now let me argue with my self: — Shall this Fop have the Lady with her Fortune? What if I should get this Golden Fleece for my self? 'Tis true, She's the most impertinent of her Sex; but then, there are no Defects in Ten thousand Pounds. It shall be so. — I'll make the Match for Sir *Vanity*, and, by some Trick, slip my self into his Place; get the Money; and as for the Woman — Why, when I'm weary of her, 'tis but changing my Lodging, and turning her a Grazing. — This Matrimony is a hard Nut for my Years to crack: But my Comfort is, there's a good Kernel to be pick'd out of it; — A lusty Portion: And,

*On That alone my Thoughts and Wishes dwell,
For when that's got — the Woman's but the Shell,*

Enter Lord George and Colonel.

L. Geor. Well encounter'd, Captain: What Success?

Hack. To your Wish, my Lord. He swallows the Bait, without considering the Hook it conceals. I shall demand my Hundred Guineas to-morrow Morning, Colonel.

Col. And receive them too, if you bring the Match to Perfection, Captain.

Hack. I'll warrant you. — I have prepar'd him; now I go to her, Ladiship. — Has your Lordship any Commands there?

L. Geor. No Commands, Captain; but an earnest Desire I would recommend to her.

Hack. What's that?
L. Geor. Either to marry, or hang herself, which she pleases.

Hack. Shall I deliver the self to?

L. Geor. In the worst Terms, if you please. Remember, You can't speak too ill of me: — For, the more

she's exasperated, — the more she'll like her new Gallant.

Hack. I shall acquit my self dextrously. — Your Humble Servant.

Col. Now, my Lord, I suppose you imagine when she's dispos'd of, you'll have no Opposition in your Approaches to *Lucinda*.

L. Geor. I am apprehensive of no other.

Col. You ought to be tho', since you think her so desirable.

L. Geor. Why so?

Col. Because 'tis possible for some other Man to view her with the same amorous Eyes, your Lordship does; but, perhaps, in a more honourable manner.

L. Geor. If so, why does he not declare himself?

Col. He should have done it sooner; but now he must conceal himself no longer. — I love *Lucinda*.

L. Geor. Hah!

Col. This Twelvemonth have address'd her, been receiv'd, and, without Vanity, may declare, Her Heart is mine, or no Man's.

L. Geor. You banter me!

Col. No, my Lord — I speak my Soul: And after what I've said, think, if in Honour you can persevere.

L. Geor. Why have you broke the Confidence I reposed in you? Why did you not declare it sooner?

Col. I hop'd my better Stars would have contriv'd some Means to disappoint you without my doing it; either from her Repulses, or else the Variation of your Temper; but since you seem resolv'd — I must exert my Right, and charge you, Entertain no Thoughts of *Lucinda*.

L. Geor. Your *Lucinda*! — 'Sdeath! Have I then been made your Property? Declar'd my Passion to my Rival all this while? — *Lovely*, You've broke the sacred Ties of Friendship, which I expect that you should answer with your Sword.

Col. Whene'er you please, my Lord.

L. Geor.

L. *Geor.* This Moment then. —

Col. I should believe, from the Opinion I have of your Lordship's Courage, you would not quarrel in a Place sacred to Peace, and where we shall be quickly parted. Defer your Resentment for an Hour; about which Time, I'll meet you in *Hyde-Park*, and all the Satisfaction you desire, I'll give you.

L. *Geor.* With all my Heart : I'll meet you there. — Farewel. [Exit.

Col. Here's fine Work ! — I fear'd 'twould come to this. I love *Lucinda* better than my Life. — I prize his Friendship too, my Sister's Quiet ; yet even both these I'll sacrifice to Love. —

Enter *Lady Jane*.

Lad. *Jane*. Brother, I'm glad to find you, and yet sorry to bring you such disagreeable News. — In short, *Lucinda's* lost.

Col. Lost !

Lad. *Jane*. To You I fear she is — Pray deal sincerely ; Had you ever an Affair with *Melissa* ?

Col. Never — Why ask you ?

Lad. *Jane*. Did you never write to her ?

Col. By Heaven, I never did.

Lad. *Jane*. I thought as much. — Why then 'tis some malicious Contrivance, to sever your Affections.

Col. Dear Sister, let me know it.

Lad. *Jane*. Why, it seems, *Lucinda* has a Letter subscribed in your Name to *Melissa* ; wherein you rail at her, and praise the other's Charms ; Which has so incens'd her, she has vow'd, never to see you more.

Col. I am confounded to think what the Meaning of this can be.

Lad. *Jane*. The Letter, I'm told, was dropp'd by Lord *George's* Servant, as he was going to deliver it to *Melissa*. *Lucinda's* Woman took it up, and gave it to her Mistress.

Col. Lord George's Servant ! Then, I'm afraid, his Lordship's at the Bottom of this Plot, and endeavour'd to supplant me thus with Treachery. — Judge ye Powers ! who now has broke the sacred Tie of Friendship ! — Sister, May I be the most despicable of Mankind, if ever I committed what you tax me with.

Lad. Jane. It must be the Contrivance of some Rival. Come, Courage, Brother, we shall soon break thro' this shallow Artifice. By such cross Accidents as these, Love is made the more delightful.

Col. I'll instantly go to her. — Though, if this be true, I fear she's lost for ever.

Lad. Jane. On my Life she loves you. — For, were you indifferent to her, a thousand such Things as these, would not give her the least Disturbance. You have her Heart, and it distracts her to think she has not Yours.

Col. Well, Sister, I thank you ; You endeavour to comfort Me, and I wish I could You. — For several weighty Reasons, I would advise you, banish all Affection for Lord George. He's false to Friendship and Love, and does not merit such a Gem as thou art.

Lad. Jane. Brother, I hope no sudden Turn of Anger thus urges you to rail at him you lov'd.

Col. You'll quickly know the Cause. — In the mean time, I'll to *Lucinda*, and clear my Innocence. The least Spark of Jealousie kindles and blows up a Flame of Anger. 'Tis Love's Ferment ; where, tho' nothing but jarring Qualities seem to resist each other for a Time ; yet all gently subside at last, and end in Calm.

*For tho' Distrusts unruly Passions move,
They try our Hearts, and our Affections prove ;
And where there's Jealousie, there must be Love.*

[Exit.]

The End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Melissa's Apartment.

Vapours and Melissa.

Mel. **W**ell, *Vapours*, I swear, I have a rare Head for contriving. — And so, they are all in Confusion, you say?

Vap. Oh, Madam, in Distraction. — *Lucinda* is posted away to *London*, and the Colonel is raving mad; In short, There never was such a Revolution since Eighty Eight.

Mel. O delightful! — Well, certainly Mischief is very agreeable! — I'm almost sated with it, and wish the fine Gentleman was here now, that you told me of. — When did you say he'd come?

Vap. I expect him and the Captain immediately.

Mel. Well, I swear I am strangely — I don't know how — But 'tis certainly an unspeakable Pleasure to get a new Lover. — As for Lord *George*, I never much lik'd him; tho' once, I own, I could have let him — O Lard! what was I going to say? But tell me, Don't you think he is not so agreeable as he was a Month ago?

Vap. Alter'd much; very much, Madam.

Mel. Extremely! — But are you sure now, *Vapours*, that Sir *Vanity* is of an uncommon Genius, and distinguish'd Figure, and all that?

Vap. He is a perfect Gallant, I assure you; and of as choice and peculiar a Spirit, as your Ladyship.

Mel. O Extravagance of Delight! How happy shall I be! — I hope, *Vapour*, he is farwell bred, as to observe a due Distance and Decorum in his Amours — I shall never endure him else! I will not let him follow the vulgar Way of growing familiar. — I will never suffer him to kiss me, when he's my Husband, before any Creature. It favours of Ruffianry. — Well, but how must I receive him? I must be a little Cruel and Reserv'd at first.

Vap. By no means, Madam. He dies for you! You cannot too soon reward his Honourable Passion. — If I might advise, let it be to Night.

Mel. O indecent! Marry a Man at first sight!

Vap. Why not, Madam? You have dabbled so long with all your Lovers, that they grew cool after a while, and left you. Strike now, Madam, while the Iron's hot. Besides, the Gentleman has lov'd you long, and the Violence of his Passion aw'd him so, he never durst discover it to you.

Mel. Lard, *Vapours*, I can never think of such a Breach of Form; 'twill look like a Coming Forwardness in me.

Vap. With the Common People I may; but elevated Souls, like Yours, are above being Slaves to Forms: besides, 'tis the Pink of the Mode, to marry at first Sight: — And some, indeed, marry without any Sight at all.

Mel. That Consideration may prevail something, if he advances right. — *Hark!* — They're coming, I believe. I must retire a little, and regulate my Features to receive him.

Enter Captain Hackit.

Hack. Well, Mrs. *Vapours*, how go Matters? Have you prepar'd her?

Vap. Yes, and she'll give him an Interview presently.

Hack. Bravely done! — The Hundred Paces Hall is yours immediately. — Here comes the Knight.

Enter Sir Vanity.

Come on, on, Man ; bear up bravely ; ——— Storm her ; down with her at once : she loves you to Dotage ; she can't hold out half an Hour.

Sir Van. I shall never do it. ——— I have a good mind to go away again.

Hack. Zoons, she's just here ! ——— A Beauty and Fortune dropping into your Arms : consider That.

Sir Van. That's true, as you say : ——— But, Egad, I shall never go thro' with it. ——— A Stranger too ! ——— What the Devil must I say to her ?

Hack. Say ! Oons, say any thing : Tell her, You love, and languish, and die for her, and can't live a Moment without her.

Sir Van. I have not the Face to tell so many Lyes.

Hack. S'blood, You can lye fast enough sometimes. ——— Here she comes with flying Colours, Top and Top Gallant, I'faith. ——— Do you hear, Knight ? Lower her before you go, or I'll cut your Cable, and let you run a-drift : I'll expose you to all the World, by *Jupiter*.

Enter Melissa and Vapours.

Sir Van. Pardon my Intrusion, Madam.

Mel. O Sir ! a Gentleman of your Character can intrude no where.

Sir Van. My Business, Madam, is ———

Mel. No Secret to me, Sir ; You may speak freely.

Sir Van. Permit me then, Madam. ——— Choak me, I can speak another Syllable. [To the Capt.]

Hack. Your Beauty, Madam, puts my Friend into Confusion : but he adores you with the sincerest Passion that ever Lover languish'd under.

Mel. I don't hear him say any such thing.

Hack. O Madam, Love in Extreme, like Grief, may be too great to be utter'd. ——— Speak, or ——— [To Sir Van.]

Mel. Where modest Love occasions Silence, 'tis more agreeable than all the studied Eloquence of noisie Lovers. — But the Gentleman's Disorder proceeds from another Cause. — Are you well, Sir?

Sir Van. Nay, if she prattles to me, I shall be in with her in a Twinkling. I am not such a Coward in these Matters neither. I can strike again, after I'm struck first. — My Indisposition, Madam, proceeds from You, and so must my Cure, if I ever have any.

Mel. If I have any Power to Heal, 'tis as much a Secret to me, as that I had any to Hurt you.

Sir Van. Oh Yes, Madam! — You have transfix'd my Heart. Your Eyes alone could do it. — I fall a Victim to Your Celestial Beauty: An Offering far unworthy of the Goddess! [*Throwing himself at her Feet.*] — O Lard! I vow and swear, I did not think I could talk thus.

Mel. O Gallantry in Perfection! — Pray rise, Sir. I am undeserving of so great a Condescension. Pray rise.

Sir Van. Never, 'till you assure me I have gain'd your Esteem, the only Bliss on Earth I covet.

Enter Spleen, listening at the Door.

Spleen. What's here to do? — I'll listen, I'm resolv'd.

Mel. Pray, Sir, rise.

Sir Van. Indeed I shall not.

Mel. Well, Sir, You have conquer'd. Your Manner is irresistible. — But, I hope, you won't let me suffer under an Imputation of Ennui. I had not yielded so soon, had I not been pre-acquainted with the Generosity of your Passion.

Har. An easie Victory. — Press her to present Marriage, or you do nothing. [*To Sir Van.*]

Sir Van. Ecstasy and Transport! — Madam, I hope, you'll not delay my Joy.

Mel. Decency requires some short Suspension.

Sir Van. Madam, A Moment's Stay is to me an Age of Pain. I cannot live in the Torment of Expectation, This Night I must be Yours or Nothing.

Mel. Lord, *Sir Vanity*, what would the World say?

Sir Van. Say, Madam! That I am the happiest Man in it.

Vap. Sure, You won't deny the Gentleman, Madam.

Mel. Which way can it be done with Secrecy?

Vap. The Dining-Room will be empty, Madam. — About an Hour hence 'twill be dark enough.

Mel. Well, if it must be so — An Hour hence I will be there: But, pray come without a Light, because I can't bear that you should see my rising Blushes. — 'Till then, Farewell. [Exit *Mel.* & *Vap.*

Sir Van. I am all Joy and Obedience.

Hack. Now, Knight, fall down and worship me.

Sir Van. Oh dear Captain! You are the best Friend I have in the World! — What shall I do for you? — But, come, how shall we spend this tedious Hour?

Hack. If you'll step to the Coffee-House, I'll wait upon you in Five Minutes. I have a little Business to do here, or else I'd go with you.

Sir Van. Before you don't stay long. [Exit,

Hack. I'm after you already,

Re-enter Vapours.

Vap. Is *Sir Vanity* gone?

Hack. But a few Doors off.

Vap. My Lady has consider'd, That an Hour hence there will be Company in the Dining-Room; and therefore desires him to come in Half the Time. — Pray tell him, Captain. [Exit

Hack. I fly to acquaint him with it. — By all my Hopes, Fortune pimps for me. [Exit

Enter

Enter Spleen.

Spleen. So! — Here's fine Intriguing! — Had not my Lady run a Rambling in Breeches, she might have come in for a Frolick. *Melissa*, I find is going to lead it up. — I'm resolv'd to have a Partner. It shall go hard, but I'll add one Couple more to the Dance.

Enter Sir Politick Needle.

Sir Pol. So, Mrs. Comb,brush: — What's the Reason that your Lady has run away to London, and left us all in the Suds, Ha? Are these your Promises?

Spleen. Peace, Sir, Peace! — My Lady has only given it out, that she might be less importun'd by her Lovers, and have the better Convenience of seeing You.

Sir Pol. Aha! my kind Clincher of Wedlock! And will *Linda* then be Mistress of Needle-Hall? Ha?

Spleen. She's Your's, Sir. This Night will put you in Possession of her and her Fortune.

Sir Pol. By *Mahomet*, I'm overjoy'd! — But How? Where? When? — Shall I go this Instant, and finish? Ha?

Spleen. By no means: — 'Tis a Business that requires much Skill and Secrecy. You must understand, her Brother is come to Town, and presses her to marry a foolish Knight, one Sir *Kaussy Halfwit*.

Sir Pol. A Fop, a mere Tom. Effence.

Spleen. Nay, she hates him; but must amuse her Brother by a seeming Compliance. To this End, You must take his Name, and dress your self as like him as you can.

Sir Pol. Pshaw! I'll borrow a long Wig, and a lac'd Coat presently: But to what End this?

Spleen. To prevent Discovery, if her Brother should spy you; and she, to avoid being known, will call herself *Melissa*. Be here about half an Hour hence, and observe these Instructions, and your Business is done.

Sir

Sir Pol. I'll warrant you for little Pol ; I'll observe to a Tittle. [*Going.*] Stay, stay, tho' — Something for your Trouble — Here, Child. — Half an Hour you say ? [*Exit.*]

Spleen. What's this ? A King *Charles's* Half-Crown, as I hate Poverty ! — Why, what a sneaking, hide-bound Magistrate is this ! He'll only give for the binding fast in Matrimony, what he takes for binding over to the Quarter-Sessions. Now could I find in my Heart to be marry'd to him, purely to be reveng'd. — However, I have a forked Design — If I miss him, I stumble upon Sir *Vanity*. — It may be, Mrs. *Melissa*, I may be before-hand with you yet.

Enter Bardach, in a Suit of his Lord's Cloaths.

Bard. Mrs. Spleen, Your Servant.

Spleen. Your Lordship's most Obedient.

Bard. Ha ! ha ! ha ! Well, I'd swear, 'tis no Novelty to me to be call'd Lord when I'm in this Habit : But, indeed, Mrs. Spleen, I have no higher Title than *Fopling Bardach, Valet de Chambre*, and Your most obedient Servant.

Spleen. Bless me ! Mr. Bardach, 'tis impossible !

Bard. Ay ! but 'tis I for all that. — Lard, I make a common Practice of going abroad thus, especially on Sunday Evenings, and never was discover'd in my Life : — I would not have ventur'd here, were I not inform'd that *Lucinda* is gone to *London* ; and 'twould be Folly to imagine my Lord would go to any Place, where he knows she's absent.

Spleen. I'm oblig'd to you for this Visit ; — but am at present, so engaged with Business, that I cou'd wish you'd excuse me.

Bard. O Lord, Madam, Business ! What is it ? Can I assist you ?

Spleen. No, Sir, any more than by your Absence.

Bard. I go, Dear Madam : — But I shall only take a Turn in the Park ; if your Business will permit you, there

Col. This, when discover'd, has produc'd our Hamity; the Consequence of which I can't determine yet; but must intreat you (if you have that Friendship you profess'd) to leave me to my self a while; about Half an hour hence I'll meet you at your Sister's Lodgings.

Lac. Leave you to your self! That won't be fair; Perhaps you may act the Part of a desponding Lover. — Consider, Colonel, Solitude but augments your Pain; you had better prate to me, than to the senseless Trees.

"I'll answer Sigh for Sigh, and Tear for Tear;

"And when the Measure of your Woe is full,

"Mine shall supply the Stream, and weep for both.

Col. You are merry, Sir; — but 'tis not proper on this Occasion. — Once more I beg your Absence, I'm impatient 'till he's gone. [*Aside.*]

Lac. Occasion! Colonel! What Occasion!

Col. 'Sdeath, how uneasy he makes me! [*Aside.*] Why, since you must know, Sir, I am to fight; fight for your Sister here; fight with my Rival. — If you can in Honour tarry now; — judge you.

Lac. Fight! Lord, Colonel, that's a Thing I'm us'd to: I'll be your Second. — Especially in a Cause that must so justly draw my Sword, when both my Sister and my Friend's concern'd.

Col. Your generous Offer, Sir, I thank you for. — But you're too young to be engag'd in these Affairs. — Besides, my Enemy comes single.

Lac. I cannot leave you.

Col. How!

Lac. I must not leave you. — If I mayn't assist you, let me see Justice done. — Perhaps your Antagonist may have a Friend with him: Perhaps he may be treacherous; if so, this little Arm shall fight upon your Side, 'till I no more can hold my Weapon.

Col. The Soul of *Mars* cast into *Venus*' Form. — By Heaven, I love thee. — But retire a while; I think I see my Lord: Farewell. If I fall, with my last Breath I shall pronounce *Encinda*.

M

Lac.

Luc. Oh my Confusion ! Fear and Love ! What's to be done ! Ha ! Yonder walks a Gentleman, I'll fly and bring him to assist me in parting them. *[Exit.*

Enter Lord George.

Col. My Lord, your Servant ; you're punctual, I perceive : — This is no Place to parley in ; but with your Leave, I must return the Charge of Breach of Friendship : — And shou'd, in foulest Terms, upbraid you. — Your under-acted Villany to supplant me, in a base Letter, dropp'd designedly : — You know the Scheme too well — are Facts more base than the Concealment of my Passion from you.

L. Geor. What Villany ! What Letter ! But, come, this is like all the rest of your Deceit ; — which now, I hope, you will severely pay for.

Enter Lucinda, hauling in Bardach, dress'd as before.

Luc. For Heaven's Sake, Sir, assist me.

Bar. Assist you in what, Sir ?

Luc. To pacify, or part, these Gentlemen, who are just going to imbrew their Hands in one another's Blood.

Bar. Lard, Sir, if I was to see a naked Sword, I shou'd swoon away.

Col. Come, my Lord, we once were darling Friends, now we're inveterate Foes. — 'Tis but a silly Custom, yet, however, like Gentlemen, let's cut each other's Throat. Give me one last Embrace. *[They embrace.*

L. Geor. The last, indeed, *Lovely.*

Col. Now witness Heaven, I always lov'd you. — But no more ; 'tis past. — Prepare your self.

Luc. Distraction ! Death ! Degenerate Coward ! Help me ; or else, by Heaven, I'll stab thee.

Bar. Do what you please. — I can't draw my Sword for the whole World.

Luc.

Luc. Damnation ! [*Draws, and cuts him over the Head.*] Rascal ! Villain !

Bar. Ay, ay, no Matter for that ; this is better than pinking. [*The Col. disarm'd, L. George shortning his Sword.*

Luc. Oh ! hold ! For Heaven's Sake, my Lord. — If e'er you lov'd *Lucinda*, hold.

L. Geor. *Lucinda* !

Luc. It's she entreats you. — Save the Man I love, or Kill me with him.

L. Geor. Amazement !

Bar. My Lord and the Colonel engag'd ! Now will I take my Lord's Part, and get excus'd for wearing his Cloaths.

L. Geor. *Lucinda's* Name has Power to charm my Rage. — There, Sir, take your Sword, and owe your Life to her.

Col. To her, indeed, my Lord ; to her and you. — What wou'd I not receive upon *Lucinda's* Score ?

Bar. A Woman, and *Lucinda* ! — Madam, You were pleas'd just now to give Your self some Airs, and make very free with me ; for which I desire you'll give me Satisfaction. — *Allons.* —

L. Geor. Who's this, in such a Posture of Defence ?

Bar. 'Tis I, my Lord.

L. Geor. I ? What I ?

Bar. Lord bless me, not know *Bardach* !

L. Geor. Rascal : How came you here, and thus attir'd ?

Bar. To do you Service, my Lord.

Luc. He lyes, a Coward. — Neither Entreaties or Blows cou'd prevail upon him to assist you.

L. Geor. Villain : Slave.

Bar. Pray, my Lord, don't be angry. — Don't let us be quarrelsome, and fall out, I beg you. — I'm in your own Coat at present ; but I wou'd not be in your Coat again for a great deal.

L. Geor. Rascal.

Col. My Lord, I beg you have a Moment's Patience. — Pray hear me. — What the fair *Lucinda* has just

done

done was without my Knowledge, I assure you. Therefore to preserve your generous Friendship, and Gratitude for Life just now receiv'd, I make this Offer. — Here she stands ; let her determine who must be the happy Man. — If you she chooses, I shall quit my Claim for ever ; but if her Inclination prompts her to choose me —

L. Geor. Then will I quit my Claim.

Col. I thank your Lordship. — But before we put it to the Determination, answer me sincerely : — There stands your Servant, Did you ever employ him to drop a Letter in *Lucinda's* Chamber ?

Bar. O Lord, what shall I do now ? A Pox of my Evening's Ramble.

L. Geor. Sirrah, did I ever employ you on such a Message ?

Bar. Never, never. — But promise to pardon me, my Lord, and I'll discover all.

L. Geor. Pardon you, Rascal !

Bar. That is, I mean, don't beat me. — I care not a Pin if you strip me and turn me away.

L. Geor. Well, I promise. — Thou art beneath Resentment.

Bar. *Melissa*, my Lord, set me upon it : She promis'd me several odd Things, if I'd only drop a Letter, that might come, by some Means or other, to *Madam Lucinda's* Hands. — I did as she desir'd ; but, as I hope to be sav'd, I did not know what the Contents of the Letter were.

L. Geor. Then let me declare 'em. A passionate Assurance, Colonel, of your Love to her, with a Touch upon *Lucinda's* tasteless Conversation ; making her your Property, while the other was the only Darling of your Heart.

Col. Now judge your self, my Lord, if I had not strong Reason for suspecting you concern'd. — In Love and War, you know, all Stratagems are allow'd of. — Now let's enquire of our beauteous Oracle, what Happiness or Misery attends us.

L. Geor.

L. *Geor.* I won't put it to that Trial ; I apprehend that it must go against me :— Therefore, Madam, receive the Colonel as my Gift, and may you both be happy.

Luc. My Generous Lord.—

L. *Geor.* No Apology, Madam.— To tell you the Truth, I question whether I cou'd have committed Matrimony, or not ; such Obstacles surround me. — But I was oblig'd in Honour to draw my Sword ; and am always ready, when ever a fair Lady's the Occasion.

Luc. My Inclination had dispos'd of me before.— My Heart was still the Colonel's.

Col. My Soul is yours. As for *Melissa*, I suppose, by this Time, she may have reap'd the Reward of her Treachery. Sir *Vanity* and she, I hope, are join'd in Wedlock. If you please, my Lord, we'll go home ; perhaps we may meet with some Adventures to divert us after our late Debates

L. *Geo.* With all my Heart. As for you, Villain, I discard you.— You may keep the Cloaths you've on, but never let me see you more. Come, Colonel. [*Exeunt.*

Bar. Never see you more ! By my Faith but I'll have the Remainder of my Wages. — Tho' you're a Lord, you're no Peer of the Land :— I understand so much of the Law as that comes to : And as for a Place, I can't wait one long ; Madam *Melissa* told me I should live with her. Or if the worst comes to the worst, 'tis but turning Milliner, or Pastry-Cook, and I warrant I shall get Bread.— And so your Friend and Servant. [*Exit.*



Scene changes to Melissa's Apartment.

Enter Captain Hackit.

Hack. **T**HIS is the Time appointed — and dark enough, I think. Here will I wait till the longing Nymph appears.

Enter

Enter Vapours.

Vap. If Sir *Vanity* be but come now, I can snap him up before my Lady dreams of it. Half the Time was a good Contrivance to get a whole Husband in.

Hack. Who's there ?

Vap. Sir *Vanity* — Is it You ?

Hack. My charming *Melissa* ?

Vap. The same, my Hero. — I am glad it's dark to hide my Blushes. — I should die to be seen.

Hack. And I shall die in good Earnest, if this Night does not make me happy in thy Embrace.

Vap. Let us make haste before we are seen. — But pray let our Marriage be a Secret for a great while.

Hack. Ay! to be sure. — Let us away, my Angel. — Now, Knight, my humble Service to you. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter, at another Door, Sir Politick Noodle, dress'd like a Beau.

Sir Pol. 'Tis consumed dark. — I'm sure this is the Time and Place. — What a Figure should I make at *Noodle-Hall* in this Gewgaw Dress! — 'Tis well I can't be seen, for I fancy I don't well become my Habit. — Let me consider — I am to be — Oh, Sir *Vanity*; And she is to call herself *Melissa*. — And all this *Lucinda* has contriv'd to cheat her Brother; Ha, ha, ha! I always lov'd Plotting, ever since I saw the Intrigues of that comical Dog *Punch*, at *Derby-Fair*. — By *Mahomet*, I'll call our Country-Gentlemen Fools, when I carry down such a Beauty and Fortune. — Hift! — Somebody comes! — I dare not speak aloud, for fear I should not be right.

Enter Melissa.

Madam — Madam —

Mel. Sir *Vanity*, is it You?

Sir!

Sir Pol. The same. You know who I am well enough:
Ah, you cunning Baggage!

Mel. Well, believe me, Sir, I never suffer'd such Confusion, nor ever was guilty of such an *Indecorum* before: — But for your sake, dear Sir, — Lard, how my Face tingles with Blushing! — I wou'd not for the World you had ocular Demonstration of my Confusion.

Sir Pol. I always thought Love the best in the Dark — It saves many sly Lovers, and troublesome Speeches, by *Mahomet*!

Mel. *Mahomet*! — Lard, what's that you swear by?

Sir Pol. A new-invented Oath amongst us Quality — in Compliment to a certain Great Person, who shall be nameless.

Mel. Oh! You're a Courtier, and a Master of Courtship, I find. You could never have won me so soon else. — But, I hope, you impute nothing to Proneness of Inclination, or any thing but a just Sense of your superior Merit.

Sir Pol. O Lard, here's a Change! — A little while ago, she would not accept of the Key of my Cellar — Now I have superior Merit! Ha, ha, ha! — Madam, let's lose no Time; for I love and adore you.

Mel. Here's my Hand then: Let us be swift, before any inquisitive Eyes dart this way.

Sir Pol. I'm impatient 'till it's concluded. — Come, my Fairest.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir Vanity.

Sir Van. The Captain has certainly mistaken the Place, or he would never have made me wait so long. I'll try to grope out a Corner, and stand still there, as close and silent, as a Plotter of Cuckoldom, that waits 'till the snoring Husband's gone to Bed.

[*Feels about, and retires to a Corner of the Stage.*]

Enter,

Enter, at another Door, Spleen.

Spleen. So ! — I am got at last upon the Stage where the Grand Scene of Intrigue is to be acted to Night. — 'Tis well if, like Prince Prettyman in the *Rehearsal*, I don't come in with my Part too late, and mar my own Plot. *Lucinda* has kept me so long in undressing her, I fear I'm too late. — Hem — Hem.

Sir Van. I hear somebody hem. — I'll answer 'em — Hem !

Spleen. Sure 'tis the Knight's Voice. — *Sir Vanity!* Is it You?

Sir Van. The same, my Angel, and in Raptures at the Prospect of my approaching Bliss.

Spleen. Let's lose no Time : *Vapours* has got every thing ready, and the House is very private.

Sir Van. Come then, my Angel !

As they are going out, Enter Varnish, lighted by Betty.

Betty. Sir, if you please to stay here, I'll call Mrs. *Spleen* to you. — Oh ! she's here. [*Exit Betty.*

Sir Van. Hah ! — Who have I got here ?

Spleen. Hell and Furies ! What a cursed Accident is this !

Sir Van. Nay, sweet, kind, loving Lady ! let me see the Face I am so much oblig'd to. [*She turning from him.*

Var. Mrs. *Spleen*, Your humble Servant. — Is your Lady at Home ?

Sir Van. A Chambermaid ! — Your humble Servant. — I have very fairly 'scap'd a Scouring here. [*Exit.*

Var. She seems in great Disorder. Perhaps the Gentleman and she were going to play at All Fours in the Dark, and my coming has made them throw up the Cards. — Mrs. *Spleen*, I ask Pardon for interrupting you. — But you see I am punctual to my Time. — Where's my charming *Lucinda* ?

Spleen.

Spleen. Gone to the Devil! — Where I wish You had been. — Vexations, Groffes, and Plagues of all kinds, light on You and your whole Sex for ever! [Exit.

Var. She seems in great Disorder. — But most Women are so, after such a Disappointment. I'll follow her, and set Things right; as I ought in Justice, both for her sake, and my own, in the Affignation I have with her Mistress. [Exit,

Enter Lucinda in an Undress, and Lady Jane.

Lad. Jane. Well, Sister, You're happy, and I wish you Joy; and may my Brother make you as blest in your possessing him, as I wish my self to be.

Luc. I can't doubt of it. — I am convinc'd of his Sincerity and Love. Nothing remains now, but to complete Your Happiness. — Lord *George* is disingag'd, and, considering the Humour he's in at present, 'twill be no difficult Matter to fix him for a Husband, — Your Brother has broke it to him by this Time, and when they come, you'll know your Destiny.

Lad. Jane. Lord *George* for me, or else no other Husband.

Luc. And I'll engage you have him. — Courage, Sister — He's coming. — By all my Happiness, I read Success in smiling Characters upon the Colonel's Brow.

Enter Colonel and Lord George.

Col. Sister, Your Hand: — My Lord, You were pleas'd to make me a Present of this Nature, a little while ago — Now, I hope, I'm even with you. — Here she is — Win her Honourably, and wear her.

L. Geor. When I have any other Thought than that, may You despise me, Madam.

Lad. Jane. My Brother takes a Liberty with me; but Your Lordship's Merit may weigh more than his Commands.

Col. Now, Madam. —

[To Lucinda,

N

Luc.

90 *Kenfington-Gardens ; or,*

Luc. And now, Colonel. — I have done with Diffimulation : I have try'd your Love, and find it true : Therefore, whatever Discoveries I make, promise, that you'll not recede from what You vow'd.

Col. Is there Occasion for a Promise, Madam ?

Luc. Pardon me. — There may tho', when I assure you. — I'm no Maid, Colonel.

Col. No Maid !

Luc. But I have Twenty thousand Pounds, and a handsome Jointure into the Bargain. — If a Young Widow, with those Charms, can be acceptable — Such a one is at Your Service, I assure You.

Col. Hang Wealth, Madam ; — Your Person I always esteemed.

Luc. Well, but I hope you won't love me less for it.

Col. Not an Inch, by *Jupiter* ! — Younger Brothers understand the World better than that comes to.

L. Geor. Lovely, I wish you Joy — Madam — [*Salutes.*]

Col. I hope, my Lord, soon to return the Compliment.

L. Geor. I hope so too. — But still I'm impatient 'till you have your Revenge upon this *Melissa*. — I wonder we see her not.

Col. Perhaps the Knight and she are at Consummation. — Here comes the Captain and her Maid ; they may inform us.

Enter Captain, and Vapours following him.

Hack. 'Sdeath ! Hell ! and Distraction ! Gull'd, Cheated, Over-reach'd at last !

Vap. Vexation and Anguish ! Catch'd in a Trap of my own setting ! I can't bear it !

Col. Prithce, Captain, what occasions this Outrage ?

Hack. Fire and Furies ! Occasion ! — Wou'd you see a Sot, a Dolt, an Ideot, bubbled, trick'd, and made an Ass of ; a Monster by his own Contrivance — Look at me : I am the Man : Hell and Confusion !

Vap. 'Twas a cursed Mistake, indeed! But since our irrevocable Fate has so ordain'd it, we must submit.— Pray, don't be so passionate, my Dear.

Hack. My Dear, quotha! My Devil; My Clog, My Yoke, My Luggage!

Luc. And so You Two are fairly marry'd together, against either your Knowledge or Consent?

Hack. Ay, I'm marry'd, noos'd, hang'd — 'tis all one. I am sunk into the Fool's Pitfall; and the Devil, to make my Shame the greater, baited it with a stale Chambermaid!

Ommes. Ha, ha, ha!

Hack. Do You laugh at me? Zoons! I'll spoil Your Mirth, you Jade! —

Col. Hold, hold! — Death! — Beat your Wife before Consummation!

Hack. Consummation with a Pox! — The Devil may consummate with her for me.

Col. You'll think better of it, Captain.

Hack. Think of it! — Zoons, it makes me mad.

Col. You'll have another Pair presently, I suppose, to keep you in Countenance. — What's here? My old Magistrate! — And a Lady masqu'd! — Ah, the hypocritical Rogue!

Enter Sir Politick, leading Melissa.

Sir Pol. Come along, my fair Spouse. — Gentlemen and Ladies — What the Devil, is *Lucinda* double? I have got One, and there stands Another!

Mel. Oh, my intolerable Shame! — What Creature have I got here? — I shall swoon! — I shall die!

Luc. Is all the World mad? — What have we here? My amorous Rustick, and the polite *Melissa*!

Sir Pol. By *Mahomet*, I can't find the Bottom of this for the Heart of me. I marry'd *Lucinda* just now, I thought; and yet I find her here — And my Spouse —

A handsome Woman, adad — But I never saw her Face before.

Mel. Oh ! *Vapours* ! I'm ruin'd, undone ! — Instead of my dear Knight, the Flower of Gallantry, I'm join'd to a Rustick, a Swine here, a very Country Boor !

Sir Pol. Anan ! — By *Mahomet*, I have the worst on't, as far as I know. — You need not call me Names, methinks : I'm a Knight, and Justice of Peace, and have Two thousand a Year. — But pray, Mrs. Wife, What may You be ? And what's your Name ? And where do you live ? And are you a married Man, or a Batchellor ? or, What are You ?

Mel. Don't come near me ! — A Justice of Peace ! Lard ha' Mercy upon me ! 'Tis so common, vulgar a Thing now, 'tis scandalous. I shall swoon when any one calls me the Justice's Wife. — O Disappointment !

Luc. You'll have another Name to be distinguish'd by ; My Lady Noodle.

Mel. Lady Noodle ! — Insupportable !

L. Geor. You have but Justice, Madam.

Luc. Were your Condition worse, you richly deserve it.

Mel. I own my Folly, and ask your Pardons. — Hence-forward, I'll ne'er depend upon my own weak Judgment, nor despise any one for Follies, when I perceive my self so liable to 'em.

Luc. If so, Matrimony will work a Miracle —

Col. By making a Reformation in a Woman.

Enter Sir Vanity,

Sir Van. Oh, Madam ! are you there ? I have waited, and searched, and ran thro' as many Perils for your sake, as ever rich *India Ship* did amongst the Privateers. I had like to have been snapp'd up by a little Pinnace, that had just boarded me : But I got clear at last ; and am now at your Service. — Come, Madam, will you go and be marry'd a little ?

Mel.

Mel. O dear Sir, spare my Confusion! — I am marry'd already.

Sir Van. The Deaux you are! — To who?

Sir Pol. To me, young Fop; — And what then?

Sir Van. To You! — I like that indeed —

Mel. 'Tis too true! — I came to the Appointment, and my cruel Fate cast me away upon this loathsome Thing.

Sir Van. Good-lack-a-day!

Hack. Spouse, You may troop, if you please.

Vap. No, my Dear, my Duty obliges me to wait upon you.

Hack. But no Duty or Conscience shall oblige me to co-habit with a Cast *Abigail*.

Vap. Cast *Abigails* are good enough for Disbanded Soldiers.

Hack. Why, you fulsome Sink of your Mistress's Secrets, go mend your Face, it needs it.

Vap. Why, you tatter'd Fragment of a broken Regiment, go get your Shirt wash'd, it wants it.

Hack. Farewel, Bodkin.

[*Exit.*

Vap. Adieu, Bounce. I'll after him, for all his Anger. — Thank my Stars I can oblige him to allow me a separate Maintenance: That, and what I've got in Service, will furnish me to set up a Toy-shop. — And so, sweet Ladies and Gentlemen, your humble Servant,

[*Exit.*

Enter Spleen and Varnish.

Spleen. Madam, Mr. *Varnish* is come to kiss your Hands. My Lord, a Servant left this Letter for you.

[*Gives him a Letter.*

Var. Charming *Lucinda*! May these Moments be propitious to Love.

Lac. Still upon the Subject of Love, Mr. *Varnish*? — It's tiresome; and because I wou'd not fatigue you, or my self with it any longer, I'm dispos'd of to this Gentleman.

Var.

Var. Dispos'd of, Madam!

Col. Marry'd, Sir, or very near it; as you may see.

[*Kisses her.*]

Var. Then I have spent my Money and Time to very little Purpose. — *Mrs. Spleen*, you and I must talk together. There is some Money, you know, between you and I.

Spleen. Hush : — Not a Word of it : Stay nine Months for it; and if nothing happens — you know what I mean, — then —

Var. Mum : — Good Girl.

L. Geor. Dear Colonel, wish me Joy. — My Father informs me that your Sister is the very Person he design'd for me : The old Peer has struck up a Bargain with your elder Brother. But, with your Ladyship's Leave, we'll be before-hand with them : We'll marry now, to please our selves, and let them join us afterwards, for their Satisfaction.

Col. Now, Sister, you are happy.

Lad. Jane. As my Desires can make me.

Luc. I wish your Lordship Joy.

L. Geor. Your Humble Servant, Madam. Now, Colonel, let's have a Dance.

Col. With all my Heart, my Lord : — But, first, let's join our Forces, to piece this Pair a little : — *Me* thinks, Madam, you need not despise your Husband so much. He's a Comely Man. [To *Melissa*,

Mel. I think I must e'en make the best of him. — Well, since you have Two thousand a Year, I'll make a shift to live with you, and help to spend it. — But you shall throw up your Commission of the Peace.

Sir Pol. Nay, now you talk Reason, I'll do any thing.

Mel. Then you shall live all the Winter in Town, to polish you a little.

Luc. You may get him chosen for some Burrough, Madam, and that will do it.

Mel. Admirably.

Sir Pol. That's a round Article.

Col. But she brings Fortune enough to support it.

Sir

The Pretenders.

99

Sir Pol. Well, since it must be so — it shall be so.

Mel. Now 'tis a Match in Earnest.

Sir Fan. And tho' 'tis not my good Fortune to have you, I wish you Joy, Madam, with all my Heart.

L. Geor. Now we're all Happy: Let's Dance.

A DANCE

Col. Let Roving Minds, vain, empty Joys pursue,
And court loose Pleasures only, 'cause they're New:
Let Others by vile Arts their Ends obtain,
And try by Falshood their Desires to gain:
Man's chiefest Bliss, this Night's Success does prove,
Is Truth, and Constancy, and Virtuous Love.





EP I L O G U E.

Spoken by Mrs. BULLOCK.

THE Play concluded, I am sent to know
Our Author's Fate — and his Pretenders too.
'Tis true, he's Young, and but pretends to write,
And so may many Authors, who are here to Night.
But that's no Novelty in this vain Age,
We don't engross Pretenders on the Stage:
How many in the Pit and Boxes sit,
Who but pretend to Virtue and to Wit,
In ev'ry Place Pretenders may be found;
In Court, in Church — i'th' City they abound.
The Courtier seems his Country's brave Defender,
Till Foreign Bribes have prov'd him a Pretender.
P'th' Canting Tribe, each Hypocritick Drone,
Still rails at all Pretenders but his own.

How many Wives, that grace the Box and Pit,
Are by pretending Husbands sadly bit!
The Maid will promise much before Surrender;
But after Marriage — proves a more Pretender.
The Nymph, no doubt, that's brought to this Disaster,
Must turn the Tables on her Lord and Master.
While he Abroad his Int'rest does attend,
The Wife at Home — takes up with Spouse's Friend:
Seems to forget the Promises he made her,
And slyly dubs him — A right City-Trader.
Why, faith, the Matter's just; — I see no Harm,
When Fellows promise more than they perform.

Let none —

For sordid Gain, the Marriage Joys postpone;
For when Stocks rise at 'Change — they shou'd at Home.
If You've Good Nature, now, for my Sake, show it,
And, for this Time, spare our Pretending-Poe.

F I N I S.

